

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1955



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The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE - MONTREAL

FOUNDED 1917. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec
Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education
of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



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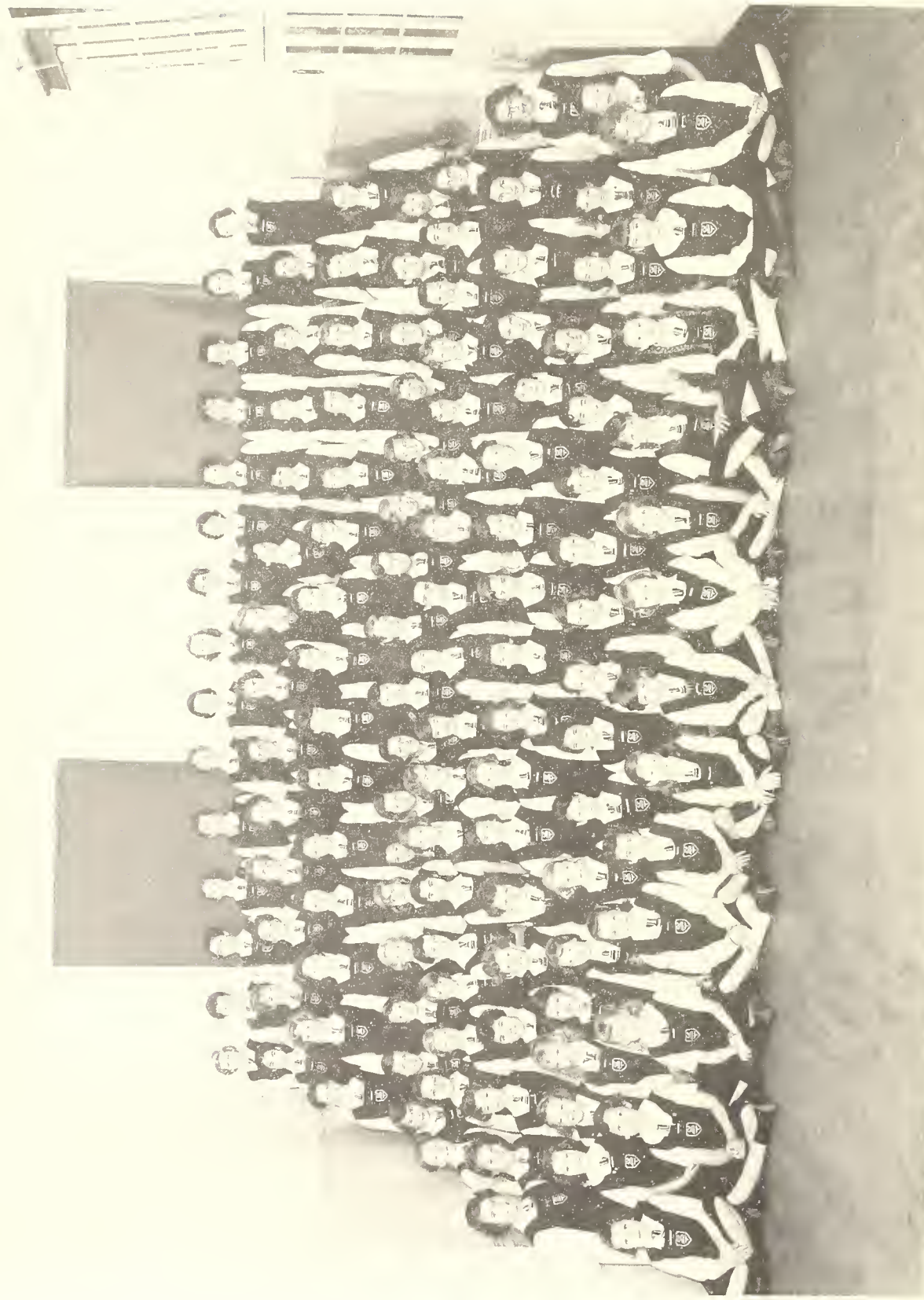
Editor of Magazine - - - - - GAIL GNAEDINGER

PREFECTS

JUDY DARLING - - ELIZABETH HAGUE

ANNA GUTHRIE - - NORA WALTERS

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FIFTY-FIVE



THE UPPER AND MIDDLE SCHOOL

GO NORTH YOUNG MAN

We as Canadians are proud to think that Canada is the third largest country in the world. However, if the population is expressed in proportion with the size of the country, we find that there are approximately three to four persons per square mile; but this is not a true picture of the situation. One quarter of the people live in the largest cities, and a quick glance at the map clearly indicates that practically all of the population lives in a two hundred mile wide, narrow strip running roughly parallel to the Canadian-U.S. border, from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Vancouver, British Columbia. To the north of this great population belt, lies the remaining three quarters of our great country, uninhabited, undeveloped, yet rich in natural resources.

It is uninhabited because of the barriers nature has set up to discourage settlers. The great Canadian Shield is rocky and barren. The northern portions of the central plain are considered to be almost uninhabitable for some months of the year. In the rugged and mountainous land of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon lie the northern sections of the Western Cordillera, which contains some of the highest peaks in the land. Above all, the single factor which delays the opening up of these vast areas is lack of communication by road, rail or air.

Our population is increasing by leaps and bounds. We are now engaged in an energetic immigration program. Canada has room and Canada has the natural resources to support a very much larger population, but then the question arises—where will the increased population go? There may be room for everyone in the narrow strip, but if Canada is to accept her responsibility as guardian of great natural resources, the easier life may not be the answer, and we must hope that the challenge of the north will be taken up.

Interest is already being stimulated in our northland, because of the wealth in minerals which lie beneath the surface, but we must frankly admit that this is because of the fear of aggression.

Labrador's mining wealth is being exploited, and a railway headed north from a terminus at Seven Islands. The Quebec Provincial Government has announced plans for a railway into the Chibougamau district. Canadian and American Co-operations have built the Alaskan Highway, connecting Edmonton with Alaska. Radar stations at unspecified points have been established to give early warning of enemy approach. Last summer, a Canadian destroyer sailed the northwest passage. Valuable deposits of uranium have been discovered in the Great Slave Lake area, and Canada is in the forefront of research into the peaceful uses of atomic energy. It is possible that the north itself will develop means of surmounting the barriers of nature, and perhaps atomic energy will help overcome the many difficulties, and make life in these areas comfortable and pleasant.

Canada's northern possibilities are opening, and the means of communication will follow as surely as day follows night. The same spirit of adventure which drew the early settlers west, will urge on the development to the north, so that our motto, 'A mare usque ad mare,' will be true to the north as well as to the east and west.

Canada's future as a great and powerful nation is assured but it does not have to be along the U.S. border. Our wealth in natural resources lies to the north, and our greatness will be measured by our ability and determination to develop these resources with which we are endowed for the good of ourselves and of humanity.

*The Study Old Girls' Association
Prize for Public Speaking.*

ELIZABETH HAGUE, *Sixth Form.*

EDITORIAL PAGE

*"Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookes for to rede and to lerne,
And great love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other."*

Piers Plowman.

EDITOR

GAIL GNAEDINGER

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

JUDY DARLING

ANNA GUTHRIE

SYLVIA RANDALL

PHOEBE REDPATH

MARGARET ROBERTSON

JANET SAVAGE

SUSAN STARKEY

NORA WALTERS



EDITORIAL

Little Paul Dombey (in Dickens' *Dombey and Sons*) remarks that the same church bells ring for both funerals and weddings, and the same sounds can be joyful or sorrowful, as people feel about them. This is true for most things in the world. It is amazing what different emotions may be caused by one thing simply because of personal interpretation. Think of the heated controversies over the portrait of Sir Winston Churchill presented on his eightieth birthday, over modern impressionistic art and music, or the hotly debated question of the actual dangers of Communism. When viewed through different eyes these matters assume different significance. Things cannot have the same meaning for everyone.

This is true for graduation, an event which is very near for some of us. It is rather a queer feeling to be faced with it. In our sixth form year we are dangling between a relatively secure childhood and a somewhat forbidding yet fascinating maturity. Graduation, the last step, is seen with various emotions. To some of us it will be the fulfilment of an intense desire to escape the regulations and supervision; to others it will be just a stepping stone to their careers; and still others are a bit sad at the thought of leaving school. These are just ways of seeing things, of putting things, yet they can make such a difference.

Regardless of our views of graduation, we are all faced with the prospect of leading new lives. We have gone through school learning more than just declensions and factoring. In school we have had to live with other people, and to do this successfully and happily we have, at some point in our growing-up, realized that they have opinions in which they also believe. To live in this world we must learn to respect the views of other people, we must be tolerant. It is not our privilege to say who is right and who is wrong. It is difficult sometimes to acknowledge that others might be right, to try to understand their reasons, but we as mature people, must try to do it. Little Paul Dombey's observation about church bells does hold true.



PREFECTS—reading from left to right. Back row—Nora Walters, Anna Guthrie. Front row—Elizabeth Hague (Head-Girl), Miss Lamont (Head-Mistress), Judy Darling (Sub-Head)

ELIZABETH HAGUE



Elizabeth has always been interested in school life and this year, as head-girl, has given not only loyalty but leadership. She has also found time to be one of our most valuable athletes, but unfortunately her activities were somewhat curtailed by a skiing accident which justified Madame's fears of our skiing expeditions! Her subtle sense of humour, quiet competence and interest in people have made her a most popular head-girl and, we are sure, should carry her far wherever she goes.

Activities:

Head-Girl

2nd Basketball Team '53-'54 Prefect

1st Basketball Team '55

Tennis Team '55

Sub-Head of Mu Gamma

Games Captain of Mu Gamma

JUDY DARLING

Fore!! The 'little Dresden doll' is coming down the fairway. Judy has brought fame to the school with golfing ability and sportsmanship has also helped our school teams. She has proven an enthusiastic and conscientious Sub-Head, and her sunny personality will be missed when she leaves the school.

Activities:

Sub-Head

2nd Basketball team '54-'55

Ski team '54-'55

Prefect

Head of Mu Gamma





ANNE BARNETT

Anne came to us from Halifax for a year before entering McGill. She has been a co-operative addition and has helped immensely in all our projects. Anne's friendly disposition has won her many new friends in the school and we all wish her luck in the future.

Activities:

2nd Basketball '55

GAIL GNAEDINGER

Gail is our fresh air fiend and consequently the sixth form is kept at zero temperatures. Her energetic efforts and excellent organizing ability has made her an outstanding editor. Gail plans to take Science at McGill next year and with her scholastic ability, lively personality, and friendly attitude she will be sure to do well and continue to win many friends.

Activities:

2nd Basketball Team '54 Sub-Head of Kappa Rho
Games Captain of Kappa Rho
Magazine Editor



ANNA GUTHRIE

Anna has been a most capable and efficient prefect and has been indispensable in organizing school activities. We all envy her powers of concentration and ability to keep a cool head. She has reached a high standard in scholastic work and should do very well at McGill where she plans to invade the labs next year.

Activities:

2nd Basketball team. '54-'55 Prefect
Head of Kappa Rho

DIANA HAMILTON

Diana's carefree and lively personality is balanced by her perseverance with her studies. Her outstanding athletic ability resulted in Diana's election as Games Captain, an office which she has filled with great enthusiasm. In future years we expect to be buying our dresses designed by Di.

Activities:

2nd Basketball Team '55 Games Captain of Delta Beta '54
Ski Team '55 Sub-Head of Delta Beta '55
Tennis Team '55 Games Captain of the Study



CONNIE L'ANGLAIS

Connie is one of the few members of the class who has gone right through the school and it was unfortunate that she had to miss most of her last year. We have all missed her cheerful personality which brightened many a blue Monday morning. Connie is still planning to return for graduation and to take her matric. in June.



GAIL McEACHERN

Gail's field of interests is very wide, ranging from modern dancing and progressive education to wild life. We can always expect to see Gail wandering in a few seconds before the first bell. She plans on spending at least a year at McGill before definitely deciding on her career.

Activities:

Senior Ski Team '55 Head of Beta Lambda

JOAN McKNIGHT

Joan is the live-wire of the class. Her frank opinions plunge her into many heated and interesting discussions. To Joan, as co-treasurer of charitable funds, falls the task of rolling pennies properly! Joan has always been a good student and should do very well at McGill.

Activities:

1st Basketball Team '55
Ski Team '55



GAIL PALMER

Gail joined us in Upper IV and has always been one of our staunchest supporters and one of the first to offer her services for any activity we may plan. She is going on to study the duties of a secretary and will use her friendliness and co-operation in the business world.

Activities:

2nd Basketball Team '55



SYLVIA RANDALL

Sylvia is the most artistic member of the class and has entertained everyone with her fascinating doodles and intriguing compositions. She is the only one who has traveled extensively in Europe; she is planning to study for a year in England before entering McGill.

MARGARET ROBERTSON

Any soccer team with Margaret on it is bound to win and her jumping is the pride and joy of Delta Beta. She is a true scholar, as her interesting compositions show, and she will probably add to the Study's reputation during her college career at McGill.



SUSAN STARKEY

If shrieks come from the office we know our other treasurer is not rolling pennies properly. Susan and her store of jokes have enlivened many a dull moment; however she has always shown her loyalty to the school by her willingness to help. Her thoughtfulness and tact should help her in her work as a physiotherapist.

DEIRDRE SMART

If there is any job to be done, Deirdre can be relied upon to do it unobtrusively and well. With her sense of humour and quiet friendliness she has put a great deal into school life. She has been an active member of the library committee for two years. Deirdre's great enthusiasm for maths has even led her to try and solve the answers in algebra.

Activities:

Tennis Team '54-'55.



NORA WALTERS

Nora's dignity and dependability have won her the respect of the school and made her an excellent prefect. With her sensible outlook on life which has made her a steadying influence in the class, we feel sure she will make a most efficient secretary.

Activities:

1st Basketball Team '55 Prefect
Head of Delta Beta



THOUGHTS BEFORE GRADUATION

To graduate! the thought seemed far away
When first I came to school so small and shy.
The years stretched out: no time to reason why
Some work, some tears but always every day
The joys of many friends, and on our way
Small triumphs in a little world. We vie
Among ourselves, and losing learn to try
Again, to win or lose, yet to obey.
So passed the years, and now the time has come
To leave this school. New work to face and do,
A challenge to our youth, yet tinged with some
Slight sorrow, a backward thought or two
Before we say farewell, and reach to welcome
With faith and hope—a wider world to view.

ELIZABETH HAGUE, *Sixth Form.*

NIGHT RAIN IN APRIL

Mist laps the earth with long lingering fingers,
Shrouds the softly slipping waters, moving murmuringly to night breezes,
Touches the trees with silver tracery, from airy branches to grim trunks;
And through it all the rain falls softly,
The rain falls unceasingly, unendingly, into the night's curtain.
The moisture drops to the roofs, to the walls, to the ground,
To lie in pools on dark lawns,
To go again into the earth to awaken summer's fruits.

ANNA GUTHRIE, *Sixth Form.*

TEACHING STAFF

<p>Head Mistress MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and Oxford University</p>	
MISS MERLE BARKER B.A. London University, Diploma of Education, Oxford University, A.L.A.M. in Dramatic Art	<i>Upper Third</i>
MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M. Toronto Conservatory of Music	<i>Singing</i>
MISS PETRONELLA CARD National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Upper B</i>
MRS. I. CLARK, B.Sc. McGill University	<i>Science</i>
MISS ANN FREESTON National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Lower B</i>
MME. GAUDION Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille	<i>French</i>
MRS. D. GIBLIN, B.A. McGill University	<i>English</i>
MISS ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and McGill University	<i>English</i>
MISS M. S. MALACHOWSKI Diploma of the Teachers' Training College, Cecilien, Germany	<i>Lower III</i>
MISS M. B. MARSHALL, B.A., M.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Classics</i>
MISS D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education	<i>Drill, Dancing & Games</i>
MISS JANE QUINTIN, B.A. Bishop's University	<i>Lower A</i>
MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Mathematics</i>
MME. J. SAZIE Licence ès Lettres, D.E.S., Diplôme E.P.P.F.E. (Sorbonne)	<i>French</i>
MISS ETHEL SEATH Member of the Canadian Group of Painters	<i>Art</i>
MRS. W. WHITELOCK Ontario First Class Certificate	<i>Upper A</i>

STAFF NOTES

The whole school is proud of a distinction won by Mrs. Clark though it means that we must say good-bye to her. She has been granted a studentship by The National Research Council of Ottawa to continue her work with those notorious white mice.

At the end of last year there were several much regretted changes in the staff. We were sorry to lose Miss Snyder to Mr. Robertson, and Madame Desternes by her return to France with her family. Miss O'Brien deserted the teaching profession for journalism and Miss Cumming the independent schools for the state system. In the Lower School, Miss Stewart returned to Scotland and writes happily from a nursery school in Aberdeen. Miss Wood intended to go to South America, but instead she met with a very serious accident and has spent the winter in a plaster cast. We are happy to hear that she has made a good recovery.

The change in the English Department has given Miss Harbert the opportunity of teaching English once more. We welcomed back to the school Mrs. Giblin, who as Jane Ramsay had been its Head Girl, and could hardly be considered a stranger. We welcomed as new-comers to the Upper and Middle Schools, Miss Barker, Miss Malachowski and Madame Sazie. Miss Barker has taken charge of Upper Third and is a dramatics specialist, whose plays we have all enjoyed. Miss Malachowski teaches arithmetic in the Middle School and German in the Upper School, thus providing an opportunity to study another modern language. Madame Sazie has undertaken the French of the Lower and Middle Schools and has brought her small bilingual daughter to Lower B. The Lower School have been happy with Mrs. Whitelock from Ontario and Miss Quintin from Bishop's University.

THE TEACHING PROFESSION

A dedicated life,
A continuous strife
For the inculcation
Of education
Into young life.

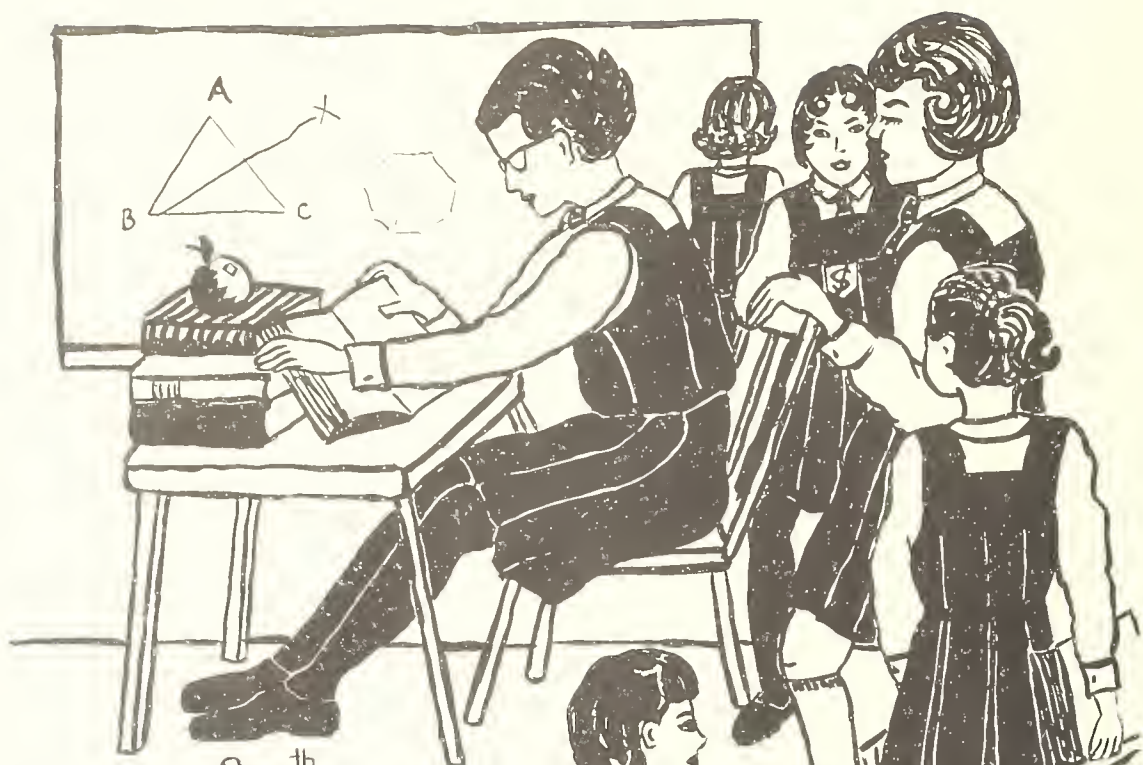
ANNA GUTHRIE, *Sixth Form.*

ELEMENTS

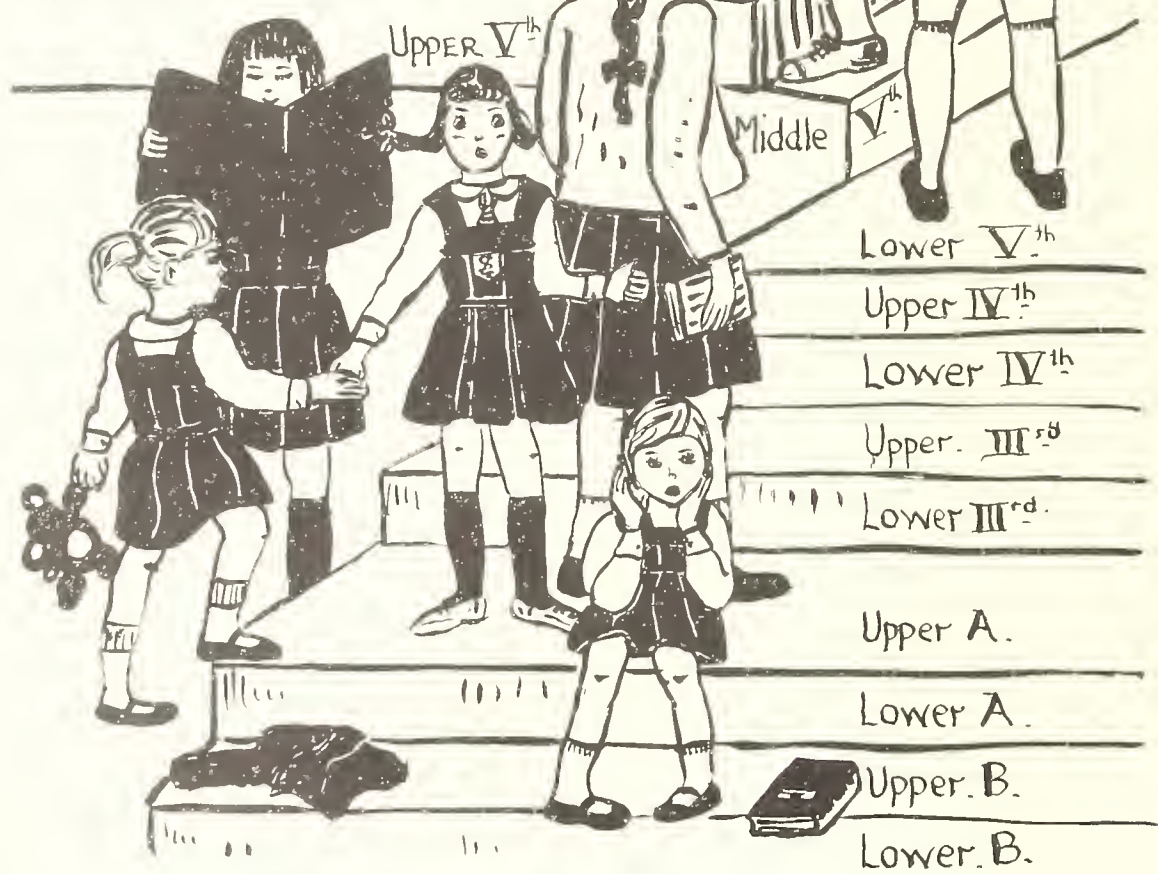
When I lay on the dock and saw the blue above and below and the yellow between,
And felt the reality of the water on my toes and the breeze on my hair,
And smelt the scent of pine needles and frying eggs brought to me by the breeze,
An enchantment passed over me and I couldn't imagine a thing save the present.
Could not imagine the day which had grey above, black below and liquid between,
When the wind became master frightening waters away in mountains, too big for the
landscape.

Tearing down trees, roofs, telephone poles and
Sending flying sheets of stinging rain in my face,
And where the only smell was the smell of disaster,
This future I could not imagine because of the enchantment of life which had caught
me unaware.

ANN WELDON, *Upper IV.*



Sixth



MY CAREER—A DAY DREAM

To my mind, there is nothing more fascinating or wholly entertaining than picturing the unpredictable future. Anything, credible or otherwise, can happen in this vast expanse of the unknown, in one's own imagination, that is. Why, many is the time I've starred in the mightiest of Hollywood productions, or designed the latest and most striking feminine creations in the fashion world, or even discovered a new wonder drug—all without twitching a muscle. Unfortunately, however, one must reluctantly bid farewell to the beautiful world of dreams and turn to face the cold bare facts of grim reality. In spite of the interruptions, I never fail to return somewhat unconsciously at times, to my favourite source of enjoyment. Recently I have fallen under the magic spell of the ballet, land of enchantment and grace where dwell the beautiful maidens, dashing princes, and of course, the wicked ill-doers. My wish to become a ballerina has been accepted by my parents who, by this time poor dears, have become quite used to their ambitious daughter and her confidence of being able to cope with two or three careers at once with the greatest of ease. Everything has been planned to the last detail. I would finish school of course, taking lessons in the meantime and practicing for at least two hours a day. The Sadlers' Wells Company would arrive with their wonderful troupe to Montreal, I would audition and win a scholarship without too much difficulty. And then London bound, to study under the masters of the ballet and make my fame and fortune. Working and toiling incessantly, I would regard my labour as is advised by Kenyon Cox:

*"Work thou for pleasure—paint, or sing, or carve,
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve".*

Burning brighter in my mind would be the vision of myself dancing the part of Odette, the swan queen in "Le Lac des Cygnes". This would inspire me and draw me closer, ever closer to the magic of the limelight. After years of patient practice and numerous experiences, the great moment would arrive for my wish to come true. Where would I dance? Perhaps at Covent Garden—but what would it matter? I would actually perform the part of Odette in the immortal ballet "Swan Lake." This would mean more work, patience, the excitement of rehearsals, the tense anticipation of a first night. I can see the bustling activity of the dancers applying make-up and donning gorgeous costumes, hear the orchestra tuning up in the background, feel the gripping tension in the atmosphere. How my heart would pound as I make my "grande entrée" and see before me a frightening sea of faces all seeming to be stony and expressionless. Soon however, all nervousness and self-consciousness would vanish and I would be Odette whose sad love affair I would strive to enact with all my heart and strength. A story so tragic and yet triumphant demands perfect technique as well as powerful acting to carry it through. In my dream, I would float along through the sequences with the exquisite grace of the great Pavlova herself, executing each movement perfectly, while Tchaikovsky's sweet, haunting music resounded with a magnificent force thrilling the very soul. With deafening applause ringing in my ears like an ocean wave crashing down on to a beach, I once more depart from my raging success to live among normal, sensible beings in a natural world. It is in my opinion, indeed worthwhile to take the odd trip into your own dream world and visualise impossible things, for there, everything can happen.

*Alexander Hutchison Essay
Competition, Senior Prize.*

CHRISTINE BONE, *Lower V.*

HOUSE NOTES

MU GAMMA

<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Giblin, Miss Malachowski
<i>Head</i>	- - - - -	Judy Darling
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - -	Elizabeth Hague
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - -	Elizabeth Hague

Sic vos nun vobis (Vergil) Thus do ye, but not for yourselves.

This seems to be a fitting quotation because at the very beginning of the year Mu Gamma exhibited an enthusiastic and unified spirit by winning the house competition held for everyone's combined efforts towards the bazaar.

Scholastically Mu Gamma has proved outstanding, placing first at the end of both the Christmas and Easter Terms. Special mention should be given to Jacqueline Evans, Wendy Stevenson, Marguerite L'Anglais and Ann Pepall who have contributed greatly to our success.

Last year Mu Gamma, with Carlyn Kruger as games captain, won the sports cup. Unfortunately in sports up to this point we have not been very successful, however nearly everybody in the house participated in both the basketball and volleyball and good sportsmanship was evident throughout all. With the tennis, sports day and the swimming meet ahead of us, our hopes are still high.

Mu Gamma gained many new members this year, and what an asset they were! All joined in the house activities with a great deal of willingness and enthusiasm.

The house suffered quite a blow last year by losing both Madame Desternes, and Mrs. Robertson (Miss Snyder) but we sincerely welcomed Mrs. Giblin and Miss Malachowski and would like to thank them for their encouragement and devoted support throughout this year.

Best of luck Mu Gamma in the future.

JUDY DARLING, ELIZABETH HAGUE.

KAPPA RHO

<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - - -	Miss Marshall, Miss Harbert
<i>Head</i>	- - - - -	Anna Guthrie
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - -	Gail Gnaedinger
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - -	Gail Gnaedinger

Kappa Rho has been fighting hard in sports this year, and has succeeded in knocking out Delta Beta in the very close house basketball and in house volleyball. We are hoping for more T.K.O.'s in the tennis matches, sports day and the Swimming meet.

Our basketball team which pitched in with a will, and worked really hard consisted of:

Forwards: Anna Guthrie
Anne Van Alstyne
Abigail MacInnes

Defence: Gail Gnaedinger
Deirdre Smart
Anne Hale
Sara Thornton

Thanks to all the people who turned out for the volleyball team.

Last year Kappa Rho trundled along in the rear in the struggle for the Sports Cup. Here's hoping for a brighter future.

The house also came third in the race for the House Cup, but this year with able assistance from Abigail MacInnes and Anne Hale, we hope to better our position. In September, as well as the Lower Thirds, we welcomed Sybil Safdie and Mary Lou McDougall, and after Christmas, Gael Pootmans.

We should like to thank everyone in the house who has worked so hard this year to improve our weekly totals, and especially Miss Marshall and Miss Harbert who have always taken such keen interest in Kappa Rho, and have supported all its efforts. Best of luck for Kappa Rho in the future.

ANNA GUTHRIE, GAIL GNAEDINGER.

DELTA BETA

<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - - - Madame Gaudion, Mrs. Clark
<i>Head</i>	- - - - - Nora Walters
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - - Diana Hamilton
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - - Daphne Wright

Last year, under the able leadership of Sally Bradeen, Delta Beta won the house cup. This year, we are maintaining a fairly high standard with the help of such outstanding girls as Margaret Robertson, Phoebe Redpath, and Audrey Hamilton. However, we feel that Delta Beta could do even better in the future years if the younger members of the house would turn in more excellents.

As new girls this year, we welcomed Diana McLernon, Mimi Baird, Mary Brinsden, Mary Bone, Christine Bone and Eleanor Tweedy. We are extremely grateful to these new members for their hard work.

Although we lost the basketball tournament and the volleyball tournament to Kappa Rho, both our teams gave their opponents very strong competition. The basketball:

<i>Shots:</i> Daphne Wright Margaret Lynne Jaques Audrey Hamilton	<i>Defence:</i> Joan McKnight Diana Hamilton Nora Walters
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We were sorry to lose Miss O'Brien last year and in her place, we greeted Mrs. Clarke. We should like to thank Madame Gaudion and Mrs. Clarke for their steadfast encouragement and interest.

The Sixth Formers of Delta Beta wish to congratulate all Delta Betans for their tremendous enthusiasm and house spirit, and to wish them the best of luck in the coming year.

NORA WALTERS, DIANA HAMILTON.

BETA LAMBDA

<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - - - Mrs. Reiffenstein, Miss Barker
<i>Head</i>	- - - - - Gail McEachern
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - - Janet Savage
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - - Heather McIntosh

Once again it has been Beta Lambda's misfortune to occupy the bottom ring of the scholastic ladder. Our one consolation is that we can only move in one direction and that is upwards. Special thanks to Marilyn Maughan, Marcia Paterson and Ann Weldon whose numerous excellents have added noticeably to the house totals.

Although we lost such ardent supporters as Hilary Thomas and Pat Southam, our new girls, Anne Barnett, Marney Landsberg, Jean Finnie, Sherrill Nelson and Martha Meagher have helped to fill in the gap.

Competing for the inter-house Sports Cup, we placed third in both basketball and volleyball. However, we have unbounded hopes for success in this year's swimming meet and Sports Day as last year, we ran a close second in both events.

The basketball team was made up of:

<i>Shots:</i> Sue Robertson	<i>Guards:</i> Marilyn Maughan	
Heather McIntosh	Gail McEachern	Anne Bruce
Mary Louson	Anne Barnett	Gail Palmer

We would like to give special mention to Heather McIntosh who, as the Games Captain of the house, has combined continued enthusiasm with an outstanding performance as a player.

A big welcome to our new house mistress Miss Barker, who is now occupying Miss Cumming's chair, and who together with Mrs. Reiffenstein, has given Beta Lambda their much needed support.

Good luck Beta Lambda in the future, and remember—"In all labour there is profit."

GAIL McEACHERN, JANET SAVAGE.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

(With apologies to Keats)

'O what can ail thee, Study girl
Alone and palely loitering ?
The week is done, the others gone,
And no bells ring.

'O what can ail thee, Study girl,
So haggard and so woe begone ?
'Tis Friday afternoon at last,
The work is done.

'I see a wrinkle on thy brow
Thy countenance is quite downcast
Is't deep regret of laziness
And ignorance past ?

'I saw a teacher in the halls,
Those corridors so dark and dim,
Her hair was neat, her step determined,
Her face was grim.

'I sat before her with my work
And nothing else saw all day long,
For o'er my book she'd lean and say
"All that is wrong."

'She found me exercises long,
Even worse than those in class,
And then in language strange she said
"You'll never pass."

'At last my eyes strayed from the page,
And then I dreamed of classmates gay
Who cried "La belle dame sans merci
Hath made thee pay".

And this is why I linger here
Alone and palely loitering
Although 'tis Friday afternoon
And no bells ring!

GAIL GNAEDINGER, *Sixth Form.*

THE LONG ROAD

The time-worn needle scratched the old record as it whirled around, and then the singing of a hearty masculine voice became audible. A tall thin girl, pale from lack of outdoor air, sat hunched over a little three-legged stool, her ear pressed to the ancient phonograph. As she leant forward to catch every familiar word, the long black hair fell forward over her face, hiding the tears that suddenly ran down her cheeks. The singer was Sir Harry Lauder, and as he came to the title-words of his song, his listener softly accompanied him—"Keep right on to the end of the road, keep right on to the end, though the way be long, let your heart be strong,—keep right on 'round the bend"—The little concert ended abruptly as a woman dressed entirely in black quickly entered, and with a bound, silenced the machine. Putting her gnarled lumpy hands on her daughter's shoulders, the woman murmured to her, reminding her of the silence necessary to keep their hiding-place secure and then quietly left.

When the room was empty once more the girl slowly dissolved into tears. Sick with the past, enduring the present, and without hope for the future, her memory carried her back to the beginning of the war. The announcement had been given in school, on a cold dark morning, that the Germans had invaded Poland. The Polish school-children having been brought up to hate and distrust the German people, were silent, and the air in the little school-house had seemed full of foreboding. She recalled an afternoon sometime later, when her best friend, a young Jewish girl, with an awful face devoid of natural expression, had told in a calm unemotional voice of how, but half an hour before, she had seen both her parents being shot to death by the Gestapo. Hundreds of other similar incidents flung themselves into her mind. How hopeful they had all been, even then, though their neighbours were being killed, and Polish citizens did not dare to venture out-of-doors at night.

Then had come the horror of the concentration camp. On a dark night she had been rudely awakened from a sound sleep, and with half-open eyes, had been thrust into an ox-cart with her parents. The next morning they had awakened on dark wooden boards, and after glancing around they had all immediately realized their position. She shrank into herself, remembering the frightful conditions that had been their lot for two years. The murky scenes passed like a film before her eyes—the innumerable plans for escape, the attempts and dismal failures—the horror of seeing people slowly turning into animals, snatching at the meagre allowance of food, making their own lives miserable, as well as those of their companions. She touched her hair, seeing it again, matted, unkempt and stiff with filth, hanging down over her face like the locks of a witch.

Eventually they had thought of an invincible plan of escape. On the night that, with quaking hearts, they had put it to the test, they had known the unsurmountable job of outwitting the enemy, and had thankfully left the taunts of the guards behind them. The following strain of trying to find a friendly haven had aged her parents terribly, and the knowledge that they were fugitives in their own country had cast the morale of the little group down into the depths. Finally finding friends that were risking their lives by sheltering escapees, they had settled into two little rooms under the eaves of an old and forgotten house, awaiting the time that they would no longer be hunted.

Burdened by the fact that the important years of her youth had passed her by, she felt as if a dark pit engulfed her, and she wondered with something akin to terror how she had dared to be happy and carefree in the years before the nightmare of the war had started. Her refuge, however childish it might seem, was the song by Harry Lauder. In unendurable moments she had forced herself to repeat the words, singing them softly sometimes when her nerves, frayed by the tenseness of war, were out of control. They had given her something to cling to; a philosophy to believe in. Now, in her darkest hour, she felt that even this refuge was leaving her, and as she sat quietly, hating herself for allowing her mood to drain away her faith, the door opened once more. The girl raised her eyes, and sat transfixed. Her mother was standing erect, her head back and her eyes shining; dilated with joy, but it was a sense of inner security that reached the girl.

"It is over—Armistice has just been declared—We heard it on Radio Free Europe!"

Hours later, the girl sat beside an open window, in the darkness of a quiet starlit night. She was thinking of a road, now leading into sunlight; the bend having been rounded, and the clinging shadows left behind.

JANET SAVAGE, *Upper I.*

ART



Again this year the art classes have been varied and interesting. We are fortunate having in Miss Seath such a fine artist as well as an able teacher.

This year there are four girls taking their art matriculation in June. We are concentrating on water colour and charcoal drawings. For still life drawing, members of the Lower School have proved to be patient and willing models.

Susan Brainard's drawing won first place in her age group in a world wide contest, sponsored by a New Delhi magazine. Susan is in Upper A. In a poster competition sponsored by the Young People's Symphony concerts Betty Cragg and Ann Barclay both won prizes.

At Christmas time, instead of the traditional separate figures for the Creche, Sylvia Randall designed a relief with the figures of Mary and Jesus. A stained glass window for the hall was done this year by Gail McEachern and Diana Hamilton. The subject was the angels appearing to the shepherds, informing them of the birth of Christ.

The Canadian National Exhibition is having a showing of pictures painted by art students throughout Canada. Miss Seath is sending three pictures from every form in the School, so we should be well represented.

In the History of Art Classes, the Sixth Form have traced the development of art from the time of primitive man to the modern day.

The new library came into existence this year and the contributions to it from the art class were two colourful murals. These add greatly to the attractiveness of the room. The School has also appreciated the scenery for the plays.

We wish to thank Miss Seath for the interest and encouragement she has given us throughout the school year.

SUSAN STARKEY.

MUSIC

The first event of the musical year was our Christmas Concert, which was the work of the entire school, from the carols of the lower forms to the more ambitious programme of the upper school. This year we sang "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind", by the English composer Roger Quilter, and "In Bethlehem's City" from "Folk Songs of the Four Seasons" by Vaughan Williams. The most important part of the concert was eight selections from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio". Phoebe Redpath, Janet Savage and Sandra Wallace added much to the programme with an unaccompanied trio by Praetorius called, "Rejoice Ye Christian Men Rejoice".

For the spring concert the middle school is preparing a group of Bach and Handel songs to which the third forms are adding "Come let us to the Bagpipes Sound" by Bach. The fourth forms are presenting a new part song, "Holy Thursday" by Rutland Boughton. The main part of the programme is a shortened concert version of Purcell's opera, "King Arthur and the Saxons", sung by the upper school.

In June the entire school will be looking forward to the closing service in Christ Church Cathedral, for which we are preparing a new anthem "A Psalm of Praise" by John Travers.

Of course not all the music lessons are spent in practising for concerts. At the start of the autumn and spring terms we sang many of our favourite songs and listened to records of some of the works we proposed to study. The girls have also enjoyed the Saturday morning Young People's Symphony Concerts.

Throughout the year Miss Corish has accompanied us ably and faithfully enabling Miss Blanchard to give all her time to conducting.

I am sure everyone leaving Study is thankful to Miss Blanchard for her patient work which has given us a knowledge and appreciation of music.

ANNA GUTHRIE.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Study this year has been most active in the field of dramatics. The Lower School, under the careful guidance of Miss Card and Miss Freeston, has shown particularly lively interest.

The Lower B's gave an adaptation of an old Russian folk story, "The Tale of the Turnip". Upper B presented a charming and gay Beatrix Potter tale, "The Story of the Flopsy Bunnies", as well as "Peter Pan" and a group of poems and pantomimes.

Perhaps the most outstanding performance of the younger forms was Lower A's "Pluto and Persephone". This classical myth, beautifully costumed, was mimed to a background of Stravinsky's "Firebird". Danielle Moquette as Persephone, with her maidens, Joanne Robertson as Pluto, and Judy Parish as Mercury enchanted their audience. Lower A also presented two of A. A. Milne's short plays. Upper A created their own colourful version of "Snow White" and a puppet show, "Sleeping Beauty".

The Middle School, too, provided excellent entertainment. Upper and Lower Third gave us one of the most touching and beautiful nativity plays that the School

has ever seen. Miss Barker's direction and the interpretation of her class imparted a warmth and simplicity which came very close to the spirit of Christmas itself.

The Third forms offered an afternoon of varied dramatic fare consisting of nursery rhyme scenes, poems, a short play "The Enrolment of a Ghost", written and acted by Karen Kaetor and Joan Francis, and some delightful excerpts from "Alice in Wonderland". Jennifer Carroll as the Mock Turtle, Linda Frosst as Alice, and Ann Barclay as the Caterpillar, all merit praise.

We are looking forward to the summer term when Upper Fourth will stage "Peter and the Clock" and a mime with music "The Tall, Tall Castle". The Lower Fifth drama group will produce "The Crimson Coconut".

Miss Barker deserves special recognition for all her patience and enthusiasm and we should like to thank her and all who have helped make this such a successful year in the realm of dramatics.

SYLVIA RANDALL.

Sixth Form Activities

The school year began with the entire school playing host to parents and friends at the annual Study Bazaar. There is always a great deal of fun and excitement in preparing for the bazaar, and this year was no exception. The proceeds went to the Montreal Day Nursery and to the Agia Sophia Hospital in Greece. The Sixth held a party for Mu Gamma—the house which contributed most to the Bazaar—and everyone participated in the games with great enthusiasm.

Later in the year, a number of Sixth Formers paid a visit to the Children's Memorial Hospital, where the Study pays for the upkeep of a bed in memory of Patricia Drummond. The small patient occupying the bed was the proud recipient of a teddy bear, a gift from the Sixth Form. The nurses very kindly escorted the girls on an interesting tour of the hospital.

During the summer term, a party was held for the Lower School. We romped through many games, consumed an enormous quantity of refreshments and burst innumerable balloons.

In order to finance the magazine, the Sixth Form organized a Fair with everything from fortune telling to attempting to walk a crooked line while looking through the wrong side of a pair of binoculars. Additional money was raised by showing to the school a film—"The Kidnappers."

Throughout the year, no matter how hectic, the Sixth Form has had a lot of fun with its activities and we hope the incoming Sixth Form enjoys it as much as we have.

NORA WALTERS.

"THE H-LINE?"

My appointment was made for nine-thirty o'clock on a Tuesday morning, and I awaited the big day in curious anticipation.

Finally the time had come, and I was ushered by the attendant to the fifth floor of this great grey stone building. I waited for what seemed an endless hour, but at long last my turn came, and I entered the fitting room excitedly.

This creation of skill was to be designed along the very latest Dior lines. The filmy white material was draped about my torso. A short while later I emerged from the room, most elegantly clad in my new "original" plaster body cast!

CONNIE L'ANGLAIS, *Sixth Form*

RETRIBUTION

"My dear John, I hope you'll accept my deepest sympathy on this occasion. I know this must be quite trying for you, and if there is anything I can do to help . . ."

"It's all right Jim, many thanks anyway. I'm sure this must be just as hard on you, Pam being your sister."

"Yes, that's true. I still can't get over the shock of her death. It was so sudden. It's odd the way she died, isn't it?"

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"Well she's been in perfect health for a long time, as far as I know, and then suddenly, out of the blue, this happens. I wish you had called me first."

"I'm sorry about that, but I was in such a hurry that I suppose I just naturally called my own doctor. Anyway, there was nothing you could have done; it all happened so quickly. She was dead by the time the doctor arrived. It must have been one of those sudden strokes."

"So the doctor said, although I'm not entirely convinced. When I saw her, she had the oddest expression on her face, as if she were in a trance, and her body seemed to be completely rigid, almost as if she were in a state of suspension."

"But that's ridiculous, Jim. I'm sure the doctor made no mistake in his examination. It's finished and done with, at any rate. So that's that."

"Perhaps so, but, with your permission, I'd like to conduct an autopsy on her body."

"An autopsy! Are you mad, Jim? What's the matter, do you suspect foul play, or something equally ridiculous?"

"I don't exactly know what I suspect, but I still would like to have an autopsy made on the body."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible, as I see no logical reason for any such thing, and so I won't allow it. And now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Of course John. I'm sorry to have bothered you so, and to have stirred you up, but if you change your mind, just call me at the house. Goodbye, and again my deepest sympathy."

The door closed softly, and John Christie, husband of the late Pamela Renton, sank down into a chair, breathing a sigh of relief. He was glad to get rid of his inquisitive brother-in-law. His mind now worked furiously, trying to read a solution for this new problem presented to Christie by his brother-in-law, Dr. James Renton. "If an autopsy is going to be conducted due to Renton," he thought, "then the answer to my problem is to get rid of my dear brother-in-law in the same manner as I did Pam, and that is by killing him."

Pam Renton had indeed been murdered, as her brother now suspected, and in a very ingenious way. Her husband, for a long time, had been bleeding her of her wealth of which a greater part went to pay his gambling debts and the rest for his scientific research work, until a time had come when she had finally refused to give him another cent. Christie, who was at this point in a sad state of bankruptcy, due to an unusually large gambling debt, decided that the only way out was to kill Pam, whereby he would inherit her whole estate. At such times when he was not gambling, Christie concentrated on his research work, and it was through this work that he concocted a drug that could completely paralyze the muscles in a person's body but not harm the brain in any way, so that the person entered what is known as a state of suspension, having all the appearances of death, as breathing and the beating of the heart would be almost imperceptible except to an expert in the medical profession.

Having reached his decision, Christie a little later on telephoned Renton and cordially invited him to come over to the house to discuss the matter of the autopsy with him. Christie's invitation was accepted, and so, after completing his call, he carefully made his plans for Renton's murder. It would not be an easy job, as Christie had to have the murder look completely accidental, to avert suspicion from himself, especi-

ally as it was so soon after the death of his wife. As the drug was going to be the "instrument" of murder, Christie had to devise a way to administer it to Renton in such a manner that he would not suspect his true intentions. Then a thought came to him, Christie recollected that Renton's heart was not too strong, and that possibly a severe shock would kill him, or at any rate shake him up sufficiently so that he could be given the drug by Christie on the pretence of calming him. Therefore, Renton's weak heart would be determined as the cause of death and, as Christie hoped, murder would not be suspected. The plan which Christie devised for Renton's murder was a very simple and perhaps rather childish one, but nevertheless he thought it would serve the purpose. The plan was merely to spread a very thin and inconspicuous wire across the threshold of the library into which Renton would be conducted by Christie. Upon entering that room, Renton, having his attention taken up, by Christie, on other completely irrelevant matters, so as to keep him from noticing any unnatural conditions of the entrance into the library, would accidentally trip over said wire and have a sufficiently bad fall, the shock of which would either affect his weak heart and cause him to die of a heart attack, or would shake him up enough so that the administration of the drug would be necessary for "soothing purposes".

The persistent buzzing of the door bell roused Christie from his meditations (who had now carried out his plan) and he ran to the door, with slight tremors running up and down his spine, to admit his visitor. The usual formalities of greeting were carried out by the two men, and some nonsensical topics were introduced by Christie to occupy his guest until the very point when Renton approached the library's entrance. What followed was that the innocent and unsuspecting Renton, with slight assistance from Christie, tripped gracefully over the wire and landed on his side, with a dull thud, on the hardwood floor. Christie, of course, assumed an attitude of great concern, regret and apology all at one time, and gently assisted the rather dazed and bewildered Renton to a chair. After ineffectually patting his arm several times and showering more apologies and regrets on him, Christie made a quick exit from the library into the kitchen. There he mixed a drink of whisky, soda, and for the most part drug, as a sedative to calm Renton's shattered nerves. Just as he had finished mixing the drink, the jangling of the telephone in the library sent him running there with great haste to answer it. Unfortunately for Christie, fate at that moment played a rather nasty trick on him. As Christie ran to the library, in order to answer the ringing phone, he was completely oblivious of the presence of the wire and, tripping over it neatly, he spread-eagled through the air, crashed heavily to the floor, and was knocked out.

As he slowly regained consciousness Christie perceived, as through a rolling fog, the dim form of Renton bending over him with a glass in his hand, urging him to drink. Christie willingly complied. Then his memory returned with a rush and, sitting up suddenly, uttering an oath he clashed the glass from Renton's hand.

"Lie down, John," Renton said persuasively "You've had a bad fall, but with some rest you should be all right in a little while."

"What was in that drink you just gave me? Tell me, quickly!", Christie yelled, his face deathly white, now covered with tiny beads of perspiration.

"Why, there was nothing in it but whisky and soda. It was what you had prepared for me in the kitchen. Why? Is there anything wrong?" Christie uttered a low moan and again lapsed into unconsciousness, his body and countenance already becoming stiff as a result of the dire effects of the drug.

The heavy blackness slowly disintegrated into the weak, watery sunlight of a late afternoon, which met, with a sudden glare, the fixed and almost trance-like gaze of Christie, who could perceive nothing but the sky, some yew trees, and a successive row of grey, forbidding tombstones. The hushed whispers of a group of people and the monotonous droning of a ministerial voice assailed his ears, and Christie realized, with absolute horror and despair, where and in what state he must be. His immobile limbs could not respond to the desperate pleas that issued from his brain, nor could his mouth utter forth the numerous and futile entreaties for help which, if heard, would enable him to be sent back into the land of the living once more. Suddenly the drowsy drone

of the minister's voice stopped, and the whispers ceased. The lid of Christie's coffin clanged shut abruptly, with a dull tone of finality, and he was sent into an eternal darkness of extreme horror and fear. Strong arms raised the sturdy and ponderous coffin, and Christie's last, wild hope for freedom and life died within him as he felt himself being lowered down, down into the depths of the unyielding earth.

SANDRA WALLIS, *Upper V.*

AN OLD STUDY GIRL IN PARIS

(*With sincere apologies to Madame*)

Parisiens, beware! You are in for a scare,
For although she looks like a lamb—
She's an old Study girl who has just left behind
Long hard years of French with Madame.

"Voilà un hôtel, this will do very well",
Approaching the man with a smile,
And mustering courage proceeds: "Avez-vous
Une chambre pour rester for a while?"

"Mais, oui ma petite, I do have a suite—"
He sneezes, "Gesundheit" she cries.
The bewildered old concierge silently wonders:
"What language is it that she tries?"

The following jour, she goes for a tour
Of a grand magasin she espies.
"Où sont les dresses?" she hopefully asks.
"Les robes sont là-bas" he replies.

"Huh?" says our friend, at her wits end—
"I repeat, are the robes up or down?"
I don't want a *bathrobe* nor yet any bas—
But the salesman has gone with a frown.

Six hours more finds her out of the store
And into the din of the street.
After hastily making her way through the crowds,
She finds a café and a seat.

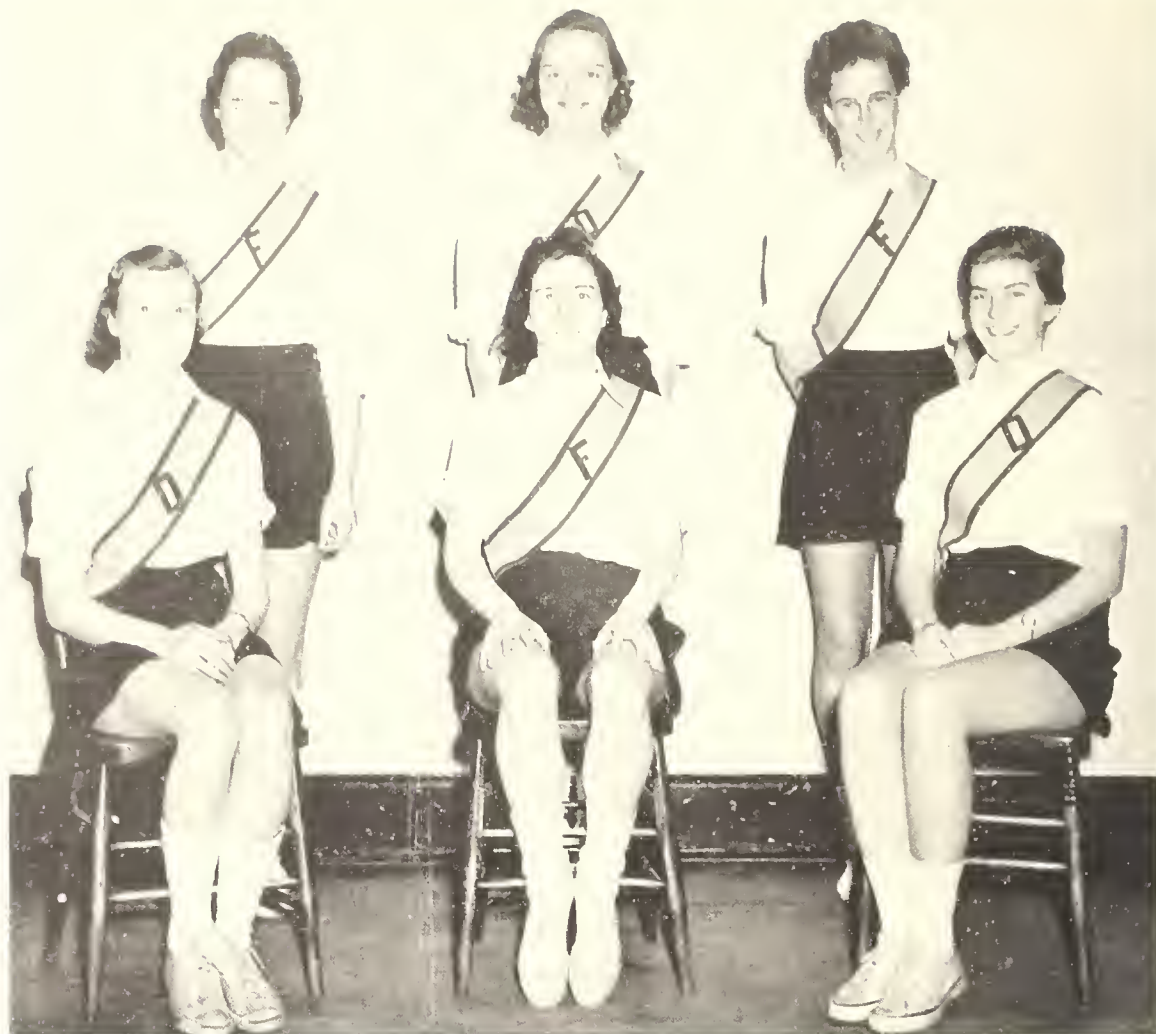
"Here comes the puer or is it garçon—?
I wish you would bring me some juice.
(I'd speak French but I have the subjunctive forgot,
How was it in old Marie Bruce?)"

Lunch is fini, and outside goes she
To find her way home for a nap
"Voici un homme who might show me the way,"
She runs over and gives him a tap.

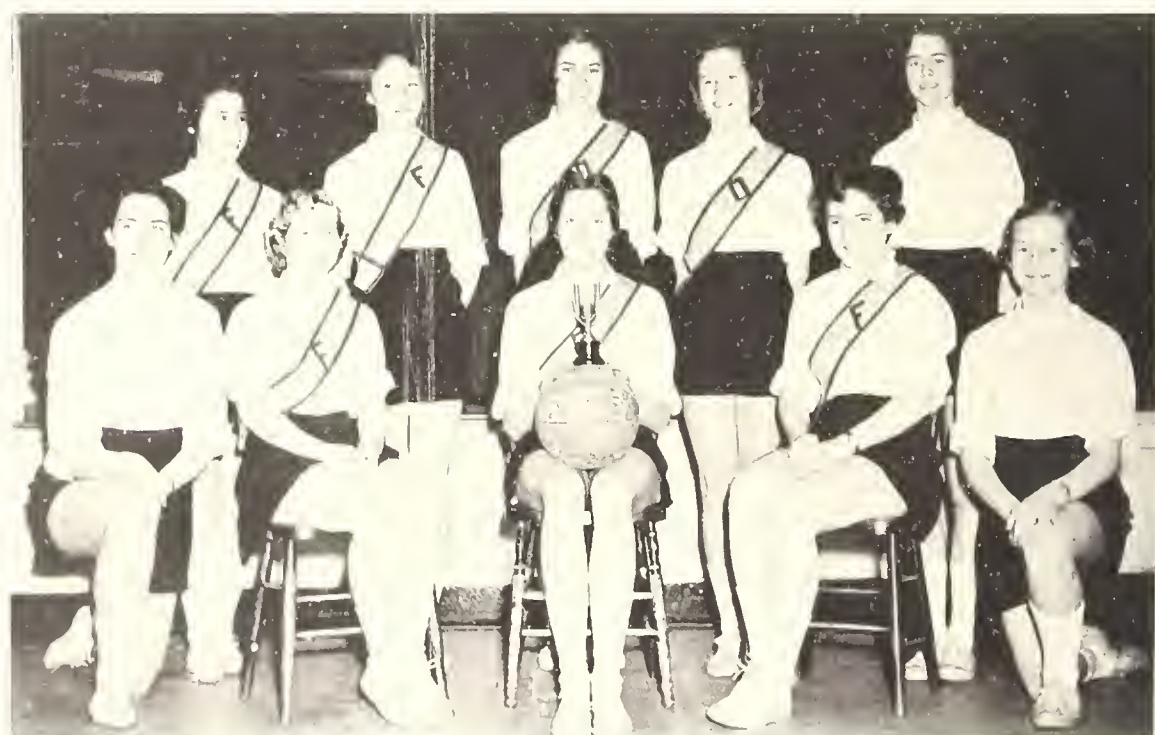
Excusez-moi, monsieur, mais, comment je peux
Uh peux-je I mean—puis-je allez au hôtel, s'il vous plait?
You see, Je dois retourner maintenant parce-ce que
parce-ce que, well, uh vous savez?

The day is half over, and our little rover
Is already fed up with Paris:
"Why can't I speak French when only last year
Madame gave me many a C!!

PHOEBE REDPATH, *Upper V.*



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM—reading from left to right
back row—Audrey Hamilton, Joan McKnight, Daphne Wright
front row—Elizabeth Hague, Heather McIntosh (captain), Noro Walters



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM—reading from left to right
back row—Ann Van Alstyne, Susan Paterson, Susan Sharp, Marilyn Maughan, Prue Heward
front row—Gail Palmer, Judy Darling, Diana Hamilton (captain), Anna Guthrie, Margaret Lynne Jaques

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

Basketball is played by both the Middle and Upper Schools and is the major school sport. In spite of losing eleven valuable players through graduation last year, Miss Moore's coaching soon trained new players to fill the spaces.

Although the first team had spirit and drive, the results were rather disappointing. They unfortunately lost Elizabeth Hague who hurt her ankle skiing.

The team stood as follows:

<i>Shots</i>	<i>Defence</i>
Heather McIntosh, <i>Capt.</i>	Joan McKnight
Daphne Wright	Nora Walters
Audrey Hamilton	Elizabeth Hague
Trafalgar.....	<i>defeat</i> 26-11
Edgars.....	<i>victory</i> 16- 4
Trafalgar.....	<i>defeat</i> 22-12
Edgars.....	<i>defeat</i> 10- 6

EXHIBITION:

Montreal Girls High..... *victory* 21- 6

The second team worked equally hard and made a fine showing, winning four of their six games. They were rewarded by regaining the cup.

The players were as follows:

<i>Shots</i>	<i>Defence</i>
Anna Guthrie	Diana Hamilton, <i>Capt.</i>
Judy Darling	Marilyn Maughan
Susan Paterson	Susan Sharp

Subs: Wilsie Baxter, Margaret Lynne Jacques, Gail Palmer, Ann Van Alstyne, Anne Barrett, Prue Heward.

Weston.....	<i>defeat</i> 14-11
Edgars.....	<i>defeat</i> 15-13
Trafalgar.....	<i>victory</i> 21-10
Weston.....	<i>victory</i> 7- 4
Edgars.....	<i>victory</i> 14-12
Trafalgar.....	<i>victory</i> 11- 7

EXHIBITION:

Montreal Girls High..... *victory* 21-16

HOUSE BASKETBALL

This year the competition between houses was keen, resulting in a playoff game between Kappa Rho and Delta Beta. The teams were very evenly matched and played one of the best games of the season. The tension grew as the game continued in a tie, however Kappa Rho scored with seconds of play left. The result was a victory for Kappa Rho, 7-6.

THE OLD GIRLS GAME

As usual, our first team played the Study Old Girls in an exhibition basketball game. Dear me, Old Girls, how can you expect to win with six shots and only one defence! It was one of the most hilarious games we have ever played and one of the longest, because of the numerous time-outs for organization (of Old Girls)! But of course the Old Girls were out of condition, and when the first team downed them (7-4) they staggered off the floor, stiff and sore.

The Old Girls were as follows:

Cynthia Baird—Games Capt. 1953
Angela Cassils—1954
Carlyn Kruger—Games Capt. 1954
Mary McEachern—1953
Sally Parsons—1954
Ann Powell—1953
Elizabeth Vale—1953



SENIOR SKI TEAM—reading from left to right
 back row—Joan McKnight, Janet Savage, Diana Hamilton, Gail McEachern
 front row—Wilsie Baxter, Judy Darling (captain)



JUNIOR SKI TEAM—reading from left to right
 back row—Diana Mackay, Susan Paterson (captain), Ann Van Alstyne, Tapsy Doyle
 front row—Sally Birks, Jennifer Traüer.

SKIING

Once a week during the winter the determined Study skiers could be seen plodding up the almost vertical Univeristy of Montreal Hill. Chris Gribbon's coaching helped everyone a great deal and we are sure in a few years time the beginners will be speeding down Hill 70 in fine style.

The teams this year were not as successful as in the past. The Senior team, although enthusiastic, lacked experience and was not up to the usual Study standard. We did, however, succeed in placing fourth in the meet.

The Junior Team with three experienced skiers had more success and placed second. We are particularly proud of Topsy Doyle who, by placing first in the downhill and second in the slalom, was first in the combined. Susan Paterson won the slalom and it was unfortunate that she did not do as well in the downhill. Ann Van Alstyne also did very well, as did the rest of the team.

The Penguin Club held the annual event at St. Sauveur and after the meet we returned to the Penguin ski house for hot chocolate and cookies and the presentation of both the shield and cup to the winning teams from Westmount Senior High School.

TENNIS

We lost three excellent tennis players last year, but with the help of our coach, Peter Constable, we were able to fill their places. Helpful guidance was given to all who were in the class and we would like to thank Mr. Constable for his patience and encouragement. Although we learned a great deal, the teams were unable to reward him, and the school, by bringing home the cups.

INTER HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

House volleyball is a sport in which all the members of the houses may take an active part. For this reason there is always plenty of keen competition. This year Kappa Rho played remarkably well throughout the round robin series and successfully gained the fifteen points towards the Sports Cup.

SWIMMING MEET-1954

Every Monday and Wednesday afternoon during the summer term is spent at the Y.W.C.A. Because the swimming is so popular with the Study girls and the class so large, Susan Cushing, Barbara Brown and Sally Parsons volunteered to help Miss Moore with the instruction. By the end of the season there was marked improvement in everyone's swimming and diving and the annual swimming meet was held.

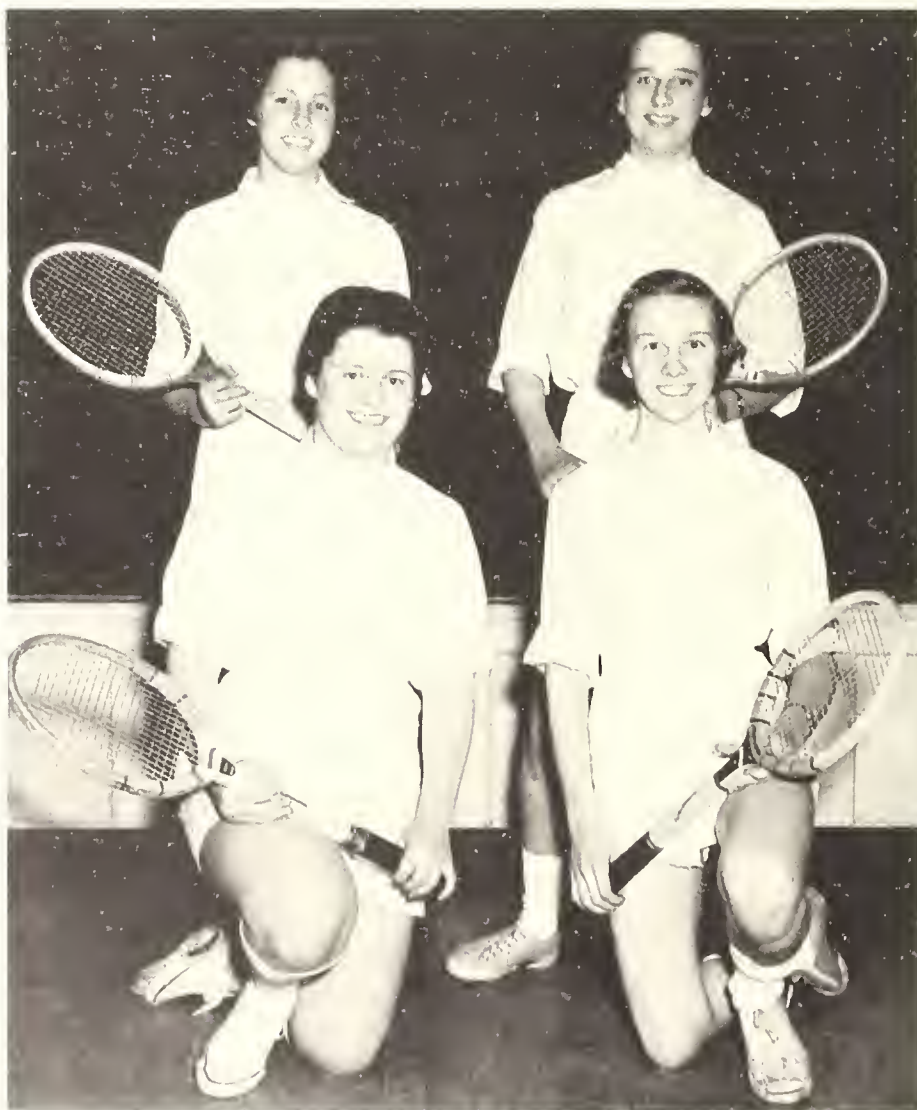
Mu Gamma was fortunate enough to have numerous good swimmers distributed throughout the Middle and Upper Schools, enabling her to win the meet. Their strongest competition came from Beta Lambda with Jean Cundill from the thirds and Marilyn Maughan from the fourths who did very well. Ann Barclay was prominent for Mu Gamma, winning both the diving and face-floating in the thirds.

The Upper School race was won by Daphne Wright, the style swimming by Diana Hamilton and the diving by Elizabeth Hague. Gail Gnaedinger won the life-saving race for Kappa Rho.

The House Relay generally causes great excitement among the spectators and tension between the swimmers. There are four members to each team and Delta Beta's team won by a good margin.



A PRACTICE FOR THE DEMONSTRATION



TENNIS TEAM—
back row—Diana Hamilton, Deirdre Smart
front row—Judy Northey, Elizabeth Hague

SPORTS DAY - 1954

The annual Sports Day is greeted with eager enthusiasm by every Study girl. The jumping was done in class in the school, while the races were held on the mountain on the familiar field pitted with dangerous rabbit holes.

Among those who did very well were Jean Cundill and Lynne Parish in the thirds, Mary Louson, Mary Darling and Penny Hugman in the fourths and, in the Upper School, Marguerite L'Anglais, Mary Van Alstyne, Carlyn Kruger and Phoebe Redpath.

The most thrilling events of Sports Days are the House Relay, the Medley Relay was won by Kappa Rho, with Delta Beta second and Mu Gamma a close third.

Last year we lost one of the best Games Captains the school has ever known. Carlyn Kruger was a natural athlete and had the ability to inspire her team-mates. We are all indebted to Carlyn for her guidance and helping hand. Even this year she has taken an active interest in our sports. We want to thank her for taking the team and gym pictures again this year.

Last but certainly not least, the Sixth Form joins me in thanking Miss Moore for all her patient help, in all our activities, which was greatly appreciated.

DIANA HAMILTON.

THE GYMNASIUM DEMONSTRATION

This year, immediately after the Christmas holidays all the girls in the Middle and Upper School began to work on the Gym Demonstration. To most of us the program was completely new, although certain dances had been done before.

The Thirds began to practice their agility races and both Lower and Upper IV started the exercises with the benches. Lower and Middle V got out the ropes and attempted exercises that at first seemed quite impossible but were soon conquered. Also, Upper V and Sixth Form gently eased their aching muscles into bends and twists—they were learning the modern Swedish exercises.

Slowly and surely with Miss Moore's excellent instruction the demonstration began to take shape as the final day approached. Everyone was rather worried and uneasy about remembering her part, however the date was postponed for a week and we had a chance to lessen our fears by further practice.

Thus on March 21st we gathered together at the Y.W.C.A. with our hearts in our mouths. At last the seats were filled and the display began, and, as in past years everything went smoothly.

The Fourth's opened the program. After their exercises the Lower IV did the American Folk Dance called "Scilian Circle" and the Upper IV did "If All the World Were Paper" which is an English Folk Dance. The Fifth's followed and after them came the Upper V and Sixth Form. Then the thirds ran their races competing against each other in houses. Upper V and Sixth Form then presented an exhibition of modern ballroom dancing which proved interesting to all. Three dances were performed next by Middle V, Upper V and the Sixth Form and Lower V did the Weavers' Dance. This is most difficult and they ought to be congratulated on mastering it so well. Finally there was the basketball game—the First Team versus the Second Team. Everyone put her utmost into it and played her hardest and when one short period was over the second team had managed to edge out the first team by two baskets.

After it was all over and we were scrambling about trying to find our belongings we heard the parents speaking to Miss Moore. Comments came drifting back such as "They seemed to enjoy themselves so much . . .", "The ropes were in perfect time . . .", and "Those exercises are wonderful for the girls' coordination and posture". Upon hearing these remarks and seeing the smiling faces of the audience we realized that the gym. demonstration had once again been a great success.

We all wish to thank Miss Moore for all her patience and encouragement which made the display possible. Also we are extremely grateful to Mrs. Norton who accompanied us throughout the term but had to drop out at the last minute due to illness. Mrs. Page obligingly stepped in and picked up our entrances very quickly.

In two more years there will be another demonstration and all the anxiety and fun that goes with it will once more be repeated.

JUDY DARLING.



Who owns these?



Is the coast clear?



Me! Lipstick??



Lulubelle, WALK!



Why of course it's seven inches!



In Line, Lulubelle!

IMAGINATION · AN ASSET OR A LIABILITY

Imagination is an elusive quality of the brain that spurs some people on to greater heights and ruins others. On certain occasions, it is a blessing; on others, it is a curse. Whether imagination is an asset or a liability depends greatly on how it is used. Its influence can range from the daydreams of a child to a premonition of events yet to come.

Imagination and inspiration are closely related. When an author, for example, is suddenly moved to write a book, it is because he has seen in his mind the events and situations of which he is writing. It is imagination that makes architects, business men and persons from all walks of life devise new ways of doing things with increased efficiency and production. It has brought many an intelligent young man to the notice of his employer and thus gained him a higher position in his company. It is the vision of a goal that drives explorers of all types on, and to it is owed most of the great discoveries of the world, not only geographical ones but also scientific.

If a person has an imagination, it can help him greatly in his human relations, for it will enable him to put himself in another person's place and to be sympathetic. Very little is known about dreams, but it is certain that they are intricately connected with the imagination, and are probably an offshoot of it. This makes one wonder how closely so called "premonitions" are connected with imagination also. One can imagine over and over that something will happen and it does not; then one day that thing does happen, and one thinks it was a premonition that gave the warning.

There is no denying that an unlicensed imagination can do untold damage. Most children daydream, which is right, but if they do not lose the habit as they reach maturity, it becomes a means of escaping from reality and, if the person can not break himself of it, it may ruin his whole life. In sports, imagination can be a great aid, if one uses it in a positive way by thinking of situations before they occur and avoiding them. However, used negatively, it becomes dangerous; for example, if one stands at the top of a ski hill saying: "Oh dear, I know I am going to fall and break my leg", it could easily happen, because one tightens up instead of remaining relaxed. Imagination often makes one nervous at examinations too, because of visions of failing! At one stage of a child's growth, ideas formed in the mind often merge with reality, especially at night, and he is nearly driven mad by people and objects he sees in the dark, while he is still awake, and which he knows can not be real.

In conclusion, I think that an imagination is a very useful thing to have, if one learns to use it wisely. It can help one while away many idle hours, without need of other entertainment. It definitely is an asset, to my mind, but it *must* be controlled.

MARGARET ROBERTSON, *Sixth Form.*

MONTREAL'S NIGHT LIGHTS

Some lights are in a row of ten, some in a line of twenty;
But all are white and shining bright on the hard and crusty snow.
From one street to another the red and white and green
Blend in with the darkness of the sky that hovers there on high.
Down along some busy street in little rows of twos
Are red lights beaming from the back of many a crawling car.
The signs that stand above the rest creating a dazzling light
Are seen by many who walk at night on the seldom empty streets.
But above these lights is an even brighter light—the Moon.

KATE REED, *Upper IV.*

ANNUAL REPORT TO THE LADY TROUT-SMITH SOCIETY

Madam Chairman, Ladies:

It is my privilege and pleasure to present the ninth annual report of the Better Homes Committee of Lady Trout-Smith's Society.

Due to the wonderful co-operation of all our members, many unfortunate cats have found homes and better lives. An average of 13.4 homes have been reported at our monthly meetings.

Mrs. Fish most generously lent us her car, and Winters, her chauffeur, on Tuesday morning to deliver out-of-town placements.

I would like to take the opportunity of welcoming Miss Jones to our committee, and to thank her for her adoption of Minie the halfbreed Persian about whom we are all so anxious. As you may remember, Minie was a serious social misfit.

During the holiday season our members were very kind in their donations of Christmas cheer to their less fortunate cousins at the S.P.C.A.

We are all most grateful to Madame Pierogorotsky for her delightful talk on "The Correct Grooming of your Angora", and a delicious tea.

Mrs. Crock, directress of the Twilight Home for the Aged, wrote me a charming note, and asked me to thank you all for Taby and Susie, whom we sent to rid their premises of rodents.

Miss Brown made an excellent suggestion, which was unanimously adopted that we should send a plant to the dear kind men down at the Fire Station, who were so good, rescuing seventeen cats from dangerous trees and poles.

We do appreciate the full co-operation of the Overnight Shelter Committee, without whom we could have been in serious difficulties on many occasions.

We send our best wishes to the newly formed Cat Fanciers Association, and will make our extensive knowledge available to them.

And now, Ladies, I wish you the best of luck in your enterprises during the forthcoming year, and hope that our future accomplishments will be even greater than those at the close of this very active year.

Respectfully submitted,

Clementine Spratt

I beg to move the adoption of this report.

WENDY STEVENSON, MIDDLE V.

ODE TO A SCHOOL TUNIC

O hail to thee, drab tunic!
Six inches o'er my knees—
Exposing me so shamelessly
To any passing breeze.
You are the cause of comments
That make my features heat,
When in public I display you,
So short—but not so sweet!

JOAN MCKNIGHT, *Sixth Form*

FAMOUS WOMEN

To-day, I am glad to be growing up in a world of many opportunities. Our books show us that, in the past, many women have glorified themselves in different fields of endeavour. In our own generation, there are more women who are and will be still more famous. I would like to review the story of a few of these noted women. It is not always the cleverest people who are the most successful. Many have become famous because they have done so much to help mankind.

Florence Nightingale, dating back to the Crimean War, began the nursing profession. She was born at Florence in 1820, daughter of William Shore Nightingale. She, at an early age, took a keen interest in the sick. She trained for a few years, and then, in 1854, was accepted to organize a band of especially trained nurses, to treat the injured in the Crimean War. During this war she proved to be of great value and gave all her experience in the interest of hospital improvement. Because of her success she was asked for advice during the American Civil and Franco-German wars. She died in 1910, setting a good example to all women who wished to help suffering humanity.

Another heroine was the daring Joan of Arc. She stood up for what she considered most important, her country. She was born in Domrémy in 1412. While still very young she became deeply affected knowing that her country, France, was being defeated by the English. A few years later Joan claimed that she had seen visions and heard angelic voices telling her to take up arms. After persuading Charles VII of France that she was not insane, she was given permission to lead an army of ten thousand men against the English, which attack proved successful. Another victorious battle followed and then another, when Joan was wounded. She continued, however, to fight in the war until one year she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians. They sold her to the English, where she was taken to Rouen and tried as a heretic. After a long trial she was condemned to death and burned at the stake in 1431. Since her death she has never been forgotten. In 1909 she was named a saint and eleven years later, canonized. The French honour her as a saviour of their country in the hour of need.

In the scientific world Marie Curie is found as one of the most famous physicists. She was born at Warsaw, Poland, in 1867 and had very highly educated parents. She married Pierre Curie in 1898 who was also a keen student of physics. They succeeded in separating, from uranium ore, an element which was later called radium. They studied the subject for four years and then, in 1903, were rewarded. Her husband was made a professor and two years later, when he was killed in an accident, Madame Curie succeeded him. She visited the United States in 1921, where she was also honoured, and died thirteen years later in France.

When speaking of famous women one must never forget the wonderful duties performed by our Queens. The longest ruling queen to sit on the throne of England so far is Queen Victoria. She served her country faithfully for the sixty-four years of her reign. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, died less than a year after her birth. In 1837 William IV of England died, leaving his granddaughter, Victoria, to ascend the throne. She was crowned at Westminster Abbey and kept England a peaceful country.

Going back nearly three hundred years we find Queen Elizabeth I on the throne of England. She was called by her many admirers, Good Queen Bess. She was the proud daughter of Anne Boleyn who was the beheaded wife of Henry VIII. After the death of Mary Tudor, she succeeded to the throne of England. Although she was never married she had several male admirers; amongst them were William Cecil and the Earl of Essex. She ruled for forty-five years which was packed with both enjoyment and trouble. She has been well remembered by the English ever since her death.

Queen Elizabeth II, our present Queen, is also a wonderful person. She has ruled only a few years as yet in which she has done many, many duties for her country.

She has also kept peace which we hope will continue forever. Here, I have mentioned only a few queens, but they are three of the most outstanding women to be on the throne of England.

There are several women who will always be remembered for the novels, poems and prose that they have written. Without mentioning a detailed life of any one writer, I would like to point out the works of Mary Lamb, Virginia Woolfe, Margery Kinnan Rawlings, Emily Brontë and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. They have all written books and poems used often for educational work and some for entertainment. Their contribution to literature will probably be of great use to the people of the centuries to come.

There are several women who have become highly known for their great success in sports. There are many different sports which people from all over the world participate in. The most common played sports are: in winter, skating and skiing and in summer, tennis and swimming. Countless women have made a living by doing these and many other sports. Marilyn Bell is one of the best swimmers in Canada today. She is only a young girl, but has successfully become a professional. For winter sports, Barbara Ann Scott, the former skating champion of the world, is very well known by people from all countries. She has now become a professional and is earning her living by her wonderful talent in the sport. Skiing, the other best known winter sport, is also very popular with most people. Several women, as in all sports, take part in skiing. We are proud to have had Carlyn Kruger as a pupil in our school. She is now one of the top five skiers in Canada and has been chosen to ski with the Olympic team.

These are a few of the most important women to this day. The people on the list of fame have rapidly increased in the past few years and will, I hope, continue to do so.

*Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition—
Junior Prize.*

JACQUELINE EVANS,
Lower IV

AN ADDITION TO POOH AND PIGLET

Rattle, rattle, rattle, jingle, jingle, jingle.

"Oh Piglet, I can't get my money out," Pooh exclaimed as he flopped down on his bed.

"Don't worry Pooh, we'll get it out," said Piglet jumping up and down, shaking the piggy bank over his head.

"Brave men always go onward, don't forget that Piglet," said Pooh.

"Is that the same as 'onward ever onward', like some great man said, I can't remember who, but I know he was great."

"Maybe it was NIBOR REHPOTSIRHC. I saw that name somewhere," said Pooh, who had a bit of difficulty saying the name.

"Don't be silly Pooh, that's Christopher Robin's name spelt backwards," exclaimed Piglet with a slight giggle.

"Oh well! it was a good try," said Pooh rather sadly.

"We had better try and get your money out Pooh, or you will never be able to buy Christmas presents," said Piglet suddenly remembering their former task.

"But Piglet, how will I ever get it out?", said Pooh, rather dolefully.

Then they both sat down on Pooh's bed for a few minutes; all of a sudden Piglet jumped up, and got the piggy bank, then—CRASH. They both stared for a minute the Piglet said, "Come on Pooh, we had better go and buy your Christmas presents."

JENIFER TROWER, *Upper IV.*

RECOLLECTIONS

A letter from Pearl Sperber, an Old Girl who has been dancing with the Canadian National Ballet Company

My private campaign all started while I was in Upper Fifth. If ever I was to become a dancer who truly understood her art, I would have to study with a man that I held in the highest of esteem—Anthony Tudor. Going away meant leaving all my dear friends, but I knew that I must carry through with my plan.

The summer before I had gone to Jacob's Pillow, a ballet camp situated high up in the Berkshire Mountains. There I met the great English choreographer and teacher who instilled in me the desire to go away to New York. After many arduous talks with my parents, I was finally packed off and sent to stay with a friend of theirs.

At last, the big day arrived, I was actually in New York. As I approached the Metropolitan Opera House, where I was to study for the next two years, I must admit my courage failed somewhat. As I entered into the enormous ballet studio, with its familiar smell of resin, I knew this was the life I wanted—to dance!

"Well, cherub, you finally have come", the quiet voice of Mr. Tudor made me confident and I hurried into my practice clothes to begin class.

As I look back now, the next two years were filled with the most fascinating experiences. I received a scholarship which entitled me to four classes a day, and my how I worked! Mr. Tudor's classes were not only instructive in the learning of technique, but much more important, he made us aware of sheer movement as a whole. His hawk eyes would twinkle as he would say "Your legs express the pattern of the dance, but your face and arms express your soul." He would also relate various movements to dance steps, and I must admit at times we looked like a herd of elephants! I felt that my love for dance was ever so much more sincere, for now I understood a great deal more. At the end of the second year I was introduced to Celia Fianca and before I knew it I was a member of the National Ballet Company of Canada. With regrets I took leave of my dear teacher.

Months of rehearsing went by and soon we began our tour of Canada. The first night I danced in front of an audience stands out in my memory. Standing there in my Sylphides costume, seeing the delicate greenish blue lights come on, tears overwhelmed me. Everything looked so peaceful and I myself felt as airy as thistledown. After the performance I was still in a daze! We toured from the East to the great West, however, sightseeing was far from being our purpose, to dance beautifully was.

This September my dreams seemed to be coming true, for was I to do my first lead in my dream ballet Sylphides. While rehearsing I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my foot, little did I know I had partially torn my Achilles tendon. Instead of resting I kept on dancing until December and by that time my dancing had turned to hobbling. The Doctors tell me that I won't be dancing for a very long time. Whether I dance again is really irrelevant for the beauty and joy of dance shall always be a part of me, never to be lost. . . .

A HOT DAY IN JUNE

June has such hot and sticky days,
This one is master of them all;
There's not a breeze and not a cloud
On this hot, sticky day in June.

Too hot to work, too hot to play;
With dishes waiting to be done,
A table waiting to be set,
On this hot, sticky day in June.

The buzz of aggravated bees
Pestered by increasing heat
Drowns the saw of sawflies sawing
On this hot, sticky day in June.

The lemonade is cool and sweet;
Stirred gently, smell the fresh green mint.
The old hammock creaks, I'm here to stay,
On this hot, sticky day in June.

Gael Pootmans, *Lower IV*.

INNOVATIONS

LIBRARY

Thanks to the kindness of the Old Girls' Association, which arranged a lecture by Dr. Neatby and of several other generous friends of the school, we now have a proper library. In less than a year it has grown from a few dusty shelves in the old English room to a pleasant room full of books for students of all ages and tastes. Comfortable chairs and a large table, which were lent by Mrs. Wright, make the library a place of refuge for all the girls, whether they come to do serious research or just to read a good novel. The competition for the armchair especially, is very intense! The window seats are softened by red cushions, pasted together by Lynn Geddes and Heather McIntosh, with glue donated by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, under the heading of "research!"

Miss Harbert, who has done a tremendous amount of work for the library, has organized an energetic committee. A great problem of this committee has not been to encourage the circulation of books, but rather their return, which proves the popularity of the library.

MUSIC

Mrs. Reed has very kindly donated an upright piano. This makes it possible, with some shifting, to dispense entirely with the crotchety old piano in the Lower School music room. The Lower School, however, will probably be quite sorry to lose the "growling bear", which they insist is in the bass!

Another library has grown up in the school this year. Miss Blanchard is building up an extensive record library from which the older girls are allowed to take records, provided they give Miss Blanchard their names.

STAGE

We returned to school last September to be pleasantly surprised by new stage curtains. After a long and tiring search, Miss Seath finally had chosen blue awning cloth, which brightens up the hall considerably. Furthermore, they even close!—no more safety pins!!

MARGARET ROBERTSON

A DESCRIPTION

She is all doubled up in her chair with her feet on the rungs. Her straight yellow hair hangs over her face, which is hidden. When she turns, her face shows to be round and almost brown. It probably looks that colour in contrast to her hair. She wears glasses and behind them are light blue eyes which seem to have no expression. Her left elbow, which is in the long white sleeve of her blouse, sticks out over the edge of her desk. She is writing furiously and never seems to think, but just writes and writes. This time, as she turns around, her face is smudged with ink and I don't wonder, as she seems to love it so sincerely. Now she scratches her head, but I can tell she is not thinking but just that her head is itchy because she still writes.

Now, for the first time, she methodically props her straggly head on her hand and stares at someone. At last she is thinking. She pats her shiny, brown feet on the floor in the beat of a tune I think I know. Her big floppy collar flops up and shows her striped tie. She looks at me and I wish I had been more flattering. She has a nice pug nose and big lips. Her face looks friendly and interesting now that she has stopped writing. I see that her fingernails are manicured with ink, and I suddenly like her.

ANN WELDON, *Upper IV.*



The Librory Committee at Work.



Alice in Wonderland



Mrs. Reiffenstein



A Ravenous Lower Fourth.



The Chemistry Class.



Music Class.

Lower School

MY HOUSE

My house is a red brick house. It is not a flat. It is not very big. It has five bedrooms, three living rooms, four bathrooms, one laundry. There are four floors and seventeen rooms all together. My mother, father, and my two brothers, our maid, Margaret, and our poodle, fish and budgie. That means eight living things all together live in our house. I think my house is a very cozy and nice house.

SUSAN BRAINERD,
Upper A,
Age 9.

A SQUIRREL

One morning a few years ago a little squirrel came in my window and peeked around my curtains. Ever since that morning he has come. Once he was in a fight and he had his ear bit off, and there was blood all over the window. Then, a year ago he did not come. I thought he was dead, but this morning he came and woke me up at 6.00 and I was so glad to see him and he was glad to see me too.

MARY CAPE,
Upper A,
Age 9.

CHUBBY, THE LITTLE FISH

Many, many years ago, there lived a fish on the bottom of the sea. His name was Chubby. One day, when Chubby was taking a nap, he saw a big shadow. It was an enormous whale. Chubby was in great trouble. Just a minute later the whale saw the fish and he said, "That little fish would be good for supper." With that, the big whale went down to the bottom of the sea and ate up the little fish.

SUSAN FISHER,
Upper B,
Age 6.

IN THE SUMMER

"Shall I sing"? said the lark,
"Shall I bloom"? said the flower:
"Shall I come"? said the sun,
Or shall I"? said the shower.

Sing your song pretty Bird,
Roses bloom for an hour.
Shine on, dearest sun;
Go away, naughty shower!

JUDITH STEWART,
Lower A,
Age 7.

THE ELF AND THE FLY

One day a little elf was crying. Just then a mouse came from the leaves and said: "little elf what are you crying for?" "My flies have got away so I cannot polish the moon for the fairy dance tonight." "I will get you some flies." "But how can you?" "That is easy, my friend the spider will help me to catch them in his web alive." The little elf said "thank you." "And I will help you too," said the mouse.

MARGARET MARTIN,
Upper B,
Age 7.

THE FAT MAN

Once a very fat man lived near a river. Do you know, he was a giant? Oh how big he was! He was so big, he was bigger than houses, and bigger than trees. He was bigger than his wife.

SUSAN FISHER,
Upper B,
Age 6.

HOW MARY MOUSE GOT HER TAIL

It was a cold dark night when Mary Mouse came out of her hole in the wall. Mary Mouse was very hungry. At that time the mice had very short tails. How Mary Mouse wanted to have a long tail, but she didn't know how she would get one. Suddenly she smelt some cheese but it was in the mouse trap. How she wanted that cheese. Suddenly she had to get it. She forgot it was in the trap and when she got in the trap "Boing" went the lever right on her tail. She pulled and pulled, but it would not come loose. Finally it came loose. She had pulled so much that she had made her tail long, and that's how Mary Mouse got her tail.

JUDY PARISH, *Lower A*—Age 8.

THE POTTERY HATS

Once there was a very kind and wise king. In his land there was a lot of fighting, because when one person didn't like the other person's voice they would fight and the king of course didn't like that. So one day the king made a law that there was not to be any fights, but of course nobody liked that so there still was fighting all the time. So then he thought my people are still fighting—what can I do, Oh what can I do. He stayed awake all night and again the next night; he just couldn't go to sleep. Finally one night he thought I have a good plan. I will make a law that everybody has to wear a pottery hat and if it breaks they quickly had to buy a new one, but if they were caught without one they would be fined a lot of money. For weeks and weeks there were broken pottery hats every day but now in that city nobody fights.

NANCY McINTYRE, *Upper A*—Age 9.

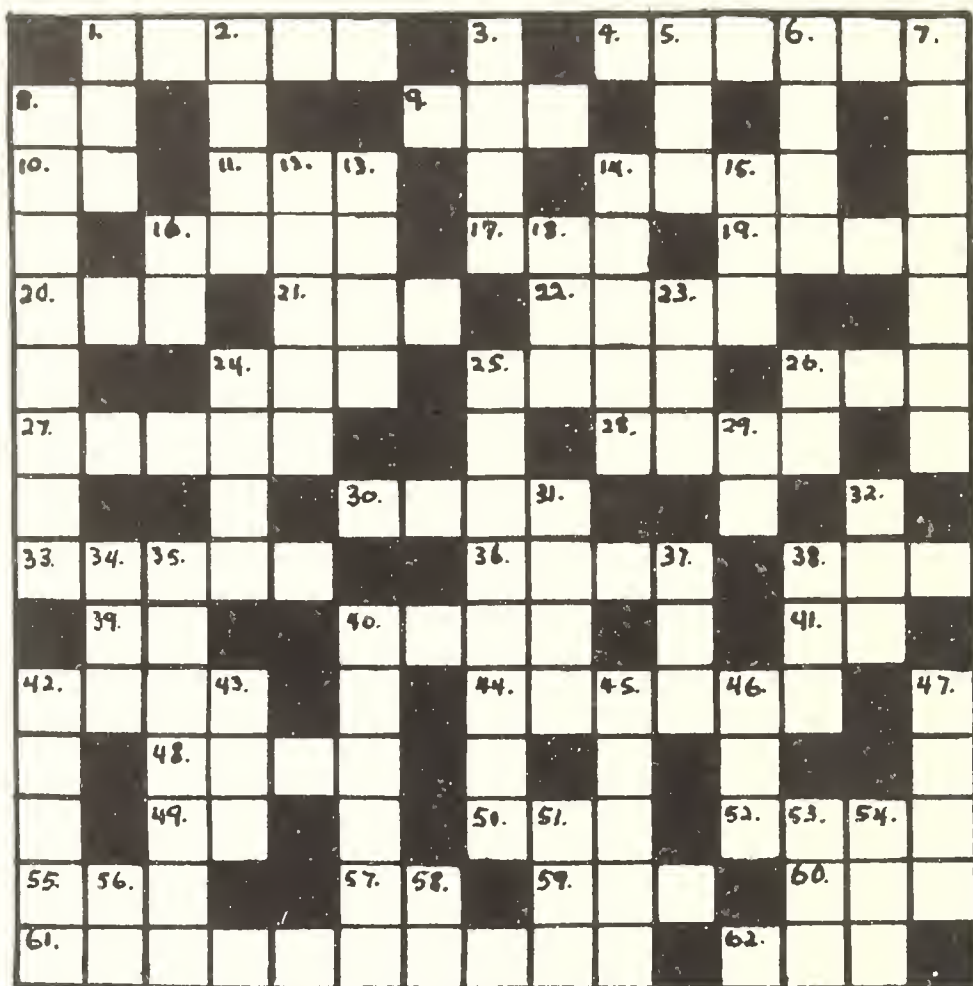
TINKER TURTLE

Tinker turtle left one day
Where he went I cannot say.
When I found him, he was playing
In the water going bathing.

THE GIRAFFE

My long neck is good for me,
With it I a long way see.
I can snap great big trees,
And make a little sneeze

PENNY DOLMAN, *Upper B*—Age 6



ACROSS

1. Award.
4. One who makes fun of someone.
8. Spanish for 'yes'.
9. Small — (disease).
10. Pronoun.
11. Heroine of Uncle Tom's cabin.
14. — flakes (cereal).
16. A couple.
17. Distant.
19. "Do you ken, John —"
20. Noise made by farm animal.
21. A title.
22. A measure.
24. Unhappy.
25. — bean.
26. Girl's name.
27. Fertile land in a desert.
28. A mark, or place.
30. Piece of land.
33. Toys which are flown.
36. To wither.
38. A garden tool.
39. Ejaculation of pain.
40. An equal.
41. An animal.
42. To leave.
44. Material used to curdle milk.
48. An act.
49. Baby for father.
50. Lair.
52. Part of the mouth (pl).
55. An obsolete measure.
57. Note in the scale.
59. The finish.
60. Prosecute for a sum of money.
61. Unnecessarily.
62. Conducted.

DOWN

1. A dessert.
2. A thought.
3. Idle.
5. What one rows with.
6. Cattle (old word).
7. Fence or barrier.
8. Ireland's emblem.
12. Passports.
13. Dry.
14. The cries of an ass.
15. Animal of the monkey kind.
16. River in Italy.
18. Formerly.
23. An empty space.
24. Old title for father.
25. Rained lightly.
26. Prep. meaning 'by'.
29. Prep. 'upon'.
31. To make weary.
33. Animal.
34. Promissory note.
35. Twist idly.
37. Kind of metal.
38. Opposite of cold.
40. Propel a canoe.
42. Female sovereign.
43. Product of China.
45. Nurse.
46. To incite.
47. Amount of medicine to be taken at once.
51. Elongated fish.
53. To employ.
54. Soft wet earth.
56. Article (Fr.).
58. Since.

THE LOWER FIFTH TRIP TO OTTAWA

One Friday Morn with Miss Lamont,
We climbed aboard a train
To see the nation's capital.
(We hoped it wouldn't rain.)
When we arrived at Ottawa
We met our guide Monsieur Champagne.
A couple of girls did pull the cord
Of the cannon that booms at noon.
And then to the Archives we did go,
Where we saw many relics, and soon
After the lunch had been hungrily eaten,
We went to the Common's Room.
We heard an interesting debate
On Canada's affairs
St. Laurent himself we met,
Before we went upstairs
To see the empty Senate House,
'Twas full of empty chairs.
The top of the Tower was finally reached;
We looked at the bells and the view,
Then saw the Memorial Chambers,
And Mounties and Statues too.
At last we headed for the train,
And Ottawa—Adieu!

CHRISTINE BONE, ANNE HALE, *Lower V.*

FAIRY GOLD

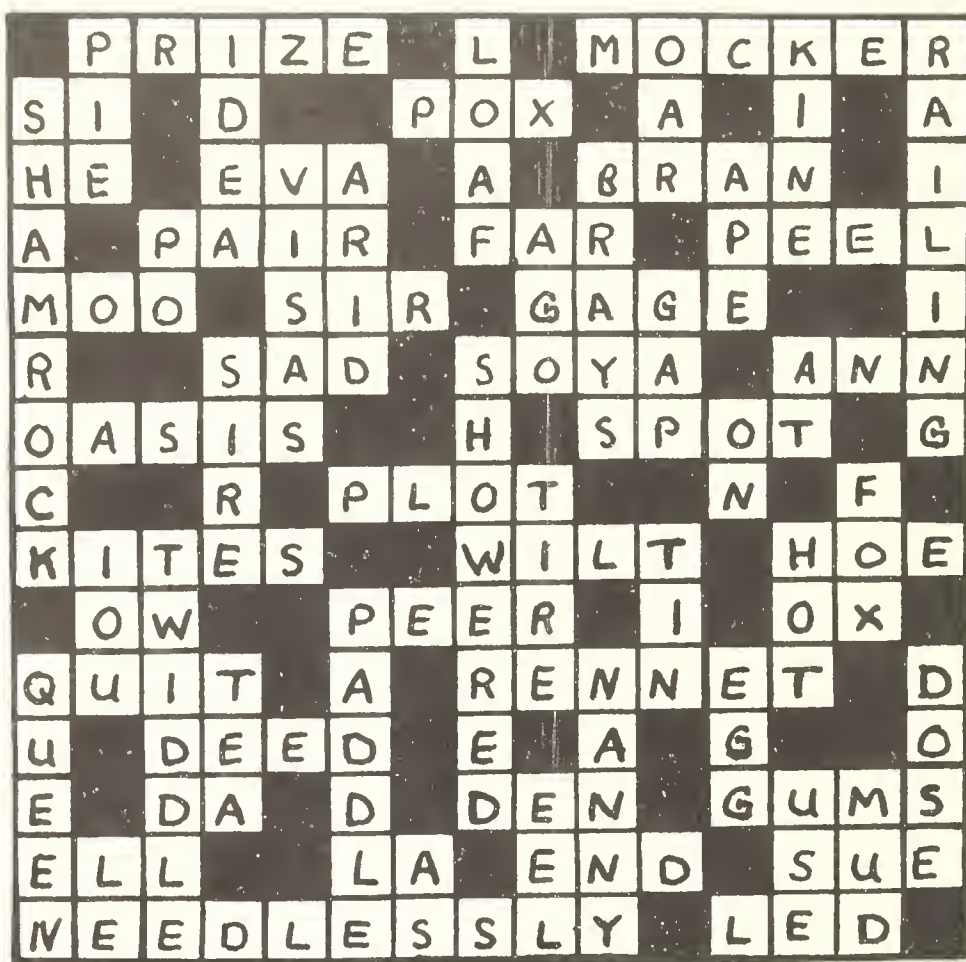
Red leaves, and yellow leaves,
Are falling from the trees;
Fairies run and catch them,
As many as they please.
Red leaves are dollar bills,
Yellow ones are gold,
Fairies go a-shopping
Where fairy shoes are sold.
Shoes to go a-dancing
At Queen Titana's Ball.
O' how I'd love to watch them
A-dancing in the Fall.

KAREN KEATOR,
Upper III.

THE LONE WILD HORSE

A statue stands on yonder hill,
His mane like wind-tossed grass;
His ears alert and questioning,
His coat like polished brass.
His nostrils flare, he paws the ground,
He trumpets loud, and then
The empty hills take up his cry
And hurl it back again.
He flings his mane and shakes his head
And lets his arched tail fly;
For no one owns the lone wild horse,
And no horse heeds his cry.

LYN CARTER, *Upper IV.*



SCHOOL CHARITIES

In October, we held our annual school bazaar which was a great financial success. The amount raised was \$1,324.46.

At the beginning of the school year we discussed with the Staff where we should send the money. We decided that we would like to help the Greek children whom, we felt, needed aid badly. We consulted the Greek Consul and he advised us to write to Queen Fredericka, who is very interested in Greek charities which help the children. After letters had been exchanged we decided to send the first thousand dollars to the new "Agia Sophia" hospital. The balance of the bazaar money went to the Montreal Day Nursery. This Red Feather nursery takes care of small children whose parents work during the day. We are sending another hundred dollars to the Austrian Hospital at Hermagor, which still has great financial difficulties.

As usual, each form provided a meal and presents for one or two underprivileged Montreal families at Christmas. In each family there is a crippled child, whose name we get from the School for Crippled Children. We hope we made their Christmas more happy.

Everyone was very generous when we took up the special collections for the Red Feather and the Red Cross.

The collection every Wednesday morning supports the Patricia Drummond cot in the Children's Memorial Hospital. This has been quite good, but we hope it will improve in the future.

JOAN MCKNIGHT
SUSAN STARKEY

MY PRIVATE ZOO

I have a little knick-knack shelf
Quite like a private zoo;
I have a little elephant,
And I've a kangaroo.
I have the most peculiar goat,
A bunny, and a horse,
A monkey, and a rhino,
And a penguin too, of course.
I like my little knick-knack shelf
That hangs against the wall
And I'm so glad the animals
Need not be fed at all!

MARTHA MEAGHER, *Lower III.*

JOHNNY, TAFFEE AND THE JAIL

It all happened on Friday. Not because Friday is a bad luck day but rather because it is a very busy day, with everyone getting ready for the week-end. At any rate that is the way it was in Johnny's home, plus the very important fact that it was Johnny's sister's birthday and she was having a party. Johnny's mother had everything ready, cake, candles, favours and games, everything but the ice cream. She was going to go down to the Shopping Center at the last minute and get it. At least that was the plan, but Mommy forgot one thing—Dad had taken the car that morning. So what was Mom to do? She thought a while then looked at Johnny and said, "Young man, this is for you. You've never gone on a message like this before, but there must be a first time for everything. Besides, it's not very far and Taffee can go with you." In due course Johnny was given written instructions how much ice cream to get, which counter to go to, and to be sure to speak up. In fact, Johnny got so many simple instructions that they all added up to something very complicated in his little mind. Off he started with his pal Taffee; one with a head full of instructions and the other with a head full of happiness.

They finally arrived safely at the big Shopping Center and found it packed with shoppers, hurrying, scurrying, bumping and pushing. In a moment Johnny's instructions were swept out of his head by worry. How on earth could he and Taffee keep together? People were getting all tangled up in Taffee's lead and what trouble they were having. Finally a kind-hearted manager saw their plight, and straightened Johnny out, and took them to the ice cream counter. But now his troubles were worse than ever. Not only did he have an energetic pup, but he had two large bricks of ice cream. Off he started for the cashier and stood in line. But Taffee was so restless. In fact Taffee was a nuisance. Finally they got to the cashier and, to his utter dismay Johnny could not find his money. It simply was not in the pocket in which Mommy had carefully put it. After a long search it turned up inside his glove where he had put it for safety. Tired and bedraggled, by this time Johnny was ready to cry and when Taffee got tangled up in some more legs, that is precisely what he did. Up came the kindly manager once again but Johnny was now past comforting, the manager can do nothing. Johnny did not remember where he lived nor could he remember his phone number. Well, it was a busy Friday and even the best and most kind-hearted manager couldn't waste all afternoon on lost boys; he called a police car and with great shrieks of the siren off went Johnny and Taffee to the jail. But not for long—just enough to spoil Sis's party. Guess how they located Johnny's mummy? Easy as falling off a log. Taffee's license number did the trick and in no time at all Johnny and Taffee and the ice cream were delivered home by radio car.

DEIDRE SMART, *Sixth Form.*

ROLL CALL

UPPER SCHOOL

Mu Gamma
Judy Darling, *Head*
Elizabeth Hague, *Sub-Head and Games Captain*
Jill Angus
Felicity Ballantyne
Ann Barelay
Janet Bueh
Jennifer Carroll
Lyn Carter
Linda Coristine
Penny Cornieil
Diana Covert
Mary Darling
Susan Carling
Joan De Pass
Kathleen Dorrian
Jacqueline Evans
Cinda Harper
Deirdre Henderson
Gillian Hill
Claire Hoare
Diana Johnson
Joan Johnson
Isabel Joseph
Connie L'Anglais
Marguerite L'Anglais
Sally Meakins
Elspeth McGreevy
Althea Nonnenman
Judy Northey
Anne Pepall
Ilana Schneider
Susan Sharp
Sandra Smith
Wendy Stevenson
Virginia Stikeman
Sandra Wallis

Kappa Rho
Anna Guthrie, *Head*
Gail Gnaedinger, *Sub-Head and Games Captain*
Elsilyn Berrill
Wendy Black
Veronica Butler
Adie Cassils
Jean Collison
Gabrielle de Kuyper
Sally Farrell
Joan Francis
Janet Gardiner
Ann Gibbon
Betty Gray
Lesley Gray
Anne Hale
Abigail MacInnes
Susan McArthur
Mary McDougall
Electa McMaster
Martha McMaster
Gabrielle Moquette
Gael Pootmans
Sally Porteous
Sylvia Randall
Kate Reed
Sybil Safdie
Deirdre Smart
Sonia Stairs
Susan Starkey
Lilian Stein
Carolyn Strauss
Mary Thom
Joan Thornton
Sara Thornton
Ann Van Alstyne

Beta Lambda
Gail McEachern, *Head*
Janet Savage, *Sub-Head*
Heather McIntosh, *Games Captain*
Anne Barnett
Anne Bruce
Sherrill Christmas
Jean Cundill
Marilyn Dillon
Caroline Doyle
Diana Fairman
Jean Finnie
Jill Jenkins
Priscilla Kuhner
Marney Landsberg
Erica Lerway
Mary Louson
Jane McFarlane
Diana MacKay
Marilyn Maughan
Martha Mcagher
Joyce McEwen
Sherrill Nelson
Gail Palmer
Lynne Parish
Marcia Paterson
Susan Paterson
Mikely Quedrue
Lynda Southam
Wendy Tidmarsh
Jennifer Trower
Ann Weldon

Delta Beta
Nora Walters, *Head*
Diana Hamilton, *Sub-Head*
Daphne Wright, *Games Captain*
Mimi Baird
Wilson Baxter
Sally Birks
Christine Bone
Mary Bone
Mary Brinsden
Martha Cassils
Betty Cragg
Nina de Bury
Susan Eversfield
Linda Frosst
Lyn Geddes
Joan Haley
Audrey Hamilton
Sandra Herron
Prue Heward
Penny Hugman
Margaret Lynne Jaques
Diana King
Karen Keator
Virginia Mathias
Joan McKnight
Diana McLernon
Lynda Melling
Janet Montgomery
Dione Newman
Phoebe Redpath
Diane Reid
Angela Richardson
Margaret Robertson
Eleanor Tweedy

LOWER SCHOOL

UPPER A
Susan Baxter
Sheila Bell
Susan Brainerd
Mary Cape
Jennifer Dixon
Dibby Fieldhouse

LOWER A
Jeanette du Berrier
Betty Finnie
Eleanor Fleet
Caroline Henwood
Jane Horner

UPPER B
Judy Bonnar
Pamela Chase
Lyn Deadman
Anne de Martigny
Penny Dolman
Penny Feifer

LOWER B
Pegi Bates
Sally Baxter
Esme Carroll
Susan Clapham
Linda Dawson
Christine Elfstrom

Kathie Fisher
Barbara Gurberg
Jill Johnson
Judy Kerby
Susan Lerew
Mary MacKay

Prudence Hugman
Elizabeth Macnaughton
Danielle Moquette
Judy Parish
Joanne Robertson

Susan Fisher
Eleanor Francis
Martha Gal
Jill Gardiner
Nora Hague
Taffy Hutchins

Jennifer Forbes
Susan Galt
Barbara Gitnick
Susan Miller
Cindy Morton
Josie Perinchief

Nancy McEntyre
Sandra Mcakins
Caro Ogilvie
Diana Stephens
Martha Trower

Judith Stewart
Jill Taylor
Susan Thompson

Anne L'Anglais
Gay Lerew
Claire Marler
Margaret Martin
Andrea Newman
Mary Pat Stephens

Gail Russel
Nancy Savage
Betty Sazie
Gail Victor
Ricci Zinman



1954-1955

EXECUTIVE

President: Mrs. Joanna Farrell
Vice-President: Mrs. Peter Kerrigan
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Lorne Walls
Hon. Treasurer: Miss Margery Root

COMMITTEE

Miss Audrey MacDermot
Miss Elizabeth Vale
Miss Sheila White
Miss Angela Cassils

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1954-55 has been a busy year for the S.O.G.A. We have built up our membership from 61 paid up members in 1952-53 to 162 as of May 1955. We should like to stress that the S.O.G.A. is not an exclusive club, but an organization whose doors are wide open to any girl who has spent two years or more at the School.

At our annual meeting on June 9, 1954, there was a large turnout. Both our revival of an ancient custom and our experiment seemed to meet with general approval. Mr. Murray Ballantyne's talk, *The French Canadian Point of View* gave us all food for thought and Buffet de Paris catered successfully for our healthy appetites.

We made our first large-scale public appearance on Sept. 14, of last year in Moyse Hall. On this occasion Miss Hilda Neatby, who has for many years been a friend of Miss Lamont, lectured under our auspices on *The Group and the Herd*. The attendance was a tribute to Miss Neatby's reputation and the evening was a financial success in that the Old Girl's netted three hundred dollars. This sum will be given to the school library over a period of three years for the purchase of books. We are indebted to Dean Fieldhouse on two counts, he introduced our speaker with great charm, and gave us the use of Moyse Hall.

As well as partially supporting the School library and giving a prize for an annual public-speaking contest in the School, the Old Girls this year have been working hard to complete a file of all pupils who have been at the School for more than two years. Elizabeth Vale and Angela Cassils in particular have toiled nobly at this essential but tiresome task—one great trouble with Old Girls is that they will change their names.

This year, at the instigation of those Old Girls who were then members of the School's Board of Governors, the S.O.G.A. has given a great deal of thought to the necessity of establishing an adequate retirement fund for members of the School Staff. Ways and means are now under discussion and there is complete agreement on the part of the Governors and of the Old Girls that an adequate fund must be set up.

Space does not permit any speechifying here, but will we hope allow a very real "thank you" to all those Old Girls who have worked so hard during the past year.

JOANNA FARRELL.

Each year as the S.O.G.A. grows larger it becomes increasingly hard to keep track of all its members, and to tell the School of what they are all doing. To start off this year, I thought you might be interested in a letter from Eve Osler Hampson, whose husband is with the Department of External Affairs in New Delhi, India. It is so well written that I am putting in a few paragraphs from it. She says:

"We have been staying in a sort of boarding house, pending the appearance of a suitable flat. We are living in a 'hutment' at the bottom of the garden. These hutments are strings of small apartments put up during the war for army housing; nobody bothered to take them down.

"The main disadvantage is that they are very cold in winter. Ours gets no sun at all (nice for summer though) and we have been promised hot water ever since we have been here. When we want a bath we yell out the bathroom door and fifteen minutes later the sweeper appears, slowly washes the bath tub, fills it, wipes up the water he has spilt on the floor, and perhaps after another 20 minutes one can step into the tub. Slightly inconvenient when one is in a hurry . . .

"Even some of the wealthy Indians live in a style which seems so strange to us. We discovered this in our various house-hunting efforts. A 'shower' is one cold water tap fixed at about waist level. A 'drain' is a hole in one corner of the bathroom floor; the latter is slightly tilted so that the water finds its way to this hole. This usually leads to a pipe down the outside of the house, thence into an open gutter. It is considered very dirty to sit in the bathwater in which one has washed; there are no tubs in Indian houses . . .

"However, in spite of this deviation from our occidental habits the Indians are a very considerate people, and many of the newer flats are provided with European amenities. . . . Delhi is full of old tombs and shrine dating from Mogul times (1200-1700 approx.). These are mostly red sandstone buildings with 'inverted onion' domes and arches (a little like Venetian architecture) with a little white marble thrown in. They are remarkably well preserved when one considers the devastating wars which have taken place during and since their time."

This letter of Eve's was written on January 9, 1955, and I understand that since then their living accommodation has improved considerably, and that they have found more time for sightseeing and being generally social. Also, since then Eve has had a daughter, increasing her family to two. So nice to have an ayah to look after them too—no baby sitters needed!

While we are on the other side of the ocean I shall mention a few of those who are in various parts of Europe.

Panny Barr and Frances Hodge are both working in London.

Judy Ogilvie is studying in Italy. Mary Bogert and Hilary Thomas have both been at Brillemont in Switzerland. Mary has gone to Italy now and will probably be spending the summer in the British Isles. Also in Switzerland now and married to a Swiss is the former Miss Suzanne Butler, whom many of us remember as a very valued member of the Study staff. In recent years she has distinguished herself as author of two successful novels. We hope others will be forthcoming.

Charlotte Butler Vidal and her husband who have been living in Cambridge, Mass., for a short time will soon be going back to Austria. Whether this is to be a permanent home for them I don't know, as they have done so much travelling around in the last few years.

To get back to this side of the ocean; we can start with Jennifer Porteous and Mary Jane Hutchison, who are both nursing in New York and from all accounts are enjoying that city very much. Deserving special attention are Jill Crossen and Pamela

Stewart in the art field. Jill, who finished her art course at the Boston School of Fine Arts and then spent some time in Italy, France, England and Greece on her scholarships, is now in Montreal, has rented a small studio and is working very hard in preparing prints for an exhibition in Boston by returned Boston scholarship students. Pamela Stewart, who spent some time in Italy and France studying art, has become very fluent in both languages, and has recently given a lecture at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts on "Interviews with Contemporary Italian Artists". She is at present assisting the head of Italian Department at McGill and continuing with her art.

Elizabeth Marshall, who has been working with a publishing firm in Philadelphia, has returned to Montreal and is carrying on her artistic endeavours in a medical way at the Montreal General Hospital. Pat Southam is studying at Mount Allison, and, I understand, doing extremely well.

Many of our Old Girls have interesting jobs in various fields. Louise MacFarlane's job is in social work at the Royal Victoria Hospital and—lucky girl—is being sent to a conference in San Francisco for about a month. Jane McCarthy Whistler and her husband are spending six months on a ranch out in Banff with her small baby, and to add to the excitement and adventure, are going to live in Whitehorse, Yukon, where Jane's husband, Ralph, will be doing estate and forestry work. Katherine Mason has graduated in law and is now working with the firm of Robertson, Brierley, O'Connor and McDougall. Miriam Tees is librarian for the Royal Bank.

Angela Cassils is receptionist in the X-ray department of the Western Hospital and says that she finds it very exciting work, as she has to deal with all sorts of people, including actors from the Seville Theatre and hockey players from the Forum. Diana Wright is working with the Imperial Life Insurance Co. Zoe Molson is working in Haematology in the General Hospital. Cynthia is in the Red Cross office in Montreal. Frances Currie is a stenographer with Stikeman & Elliott. Continuing their studies and at the same time distinguishing themselves as the only three girls at Jennings are Carlyn Kruger, Judy Case and Sally Parsons. Carlyn has shown so much promise in her skiing that she is considered to be one of the real hopefuls for the next Olympic team.

Dorothy Johnson is taking a teaching course at Macdonald College. Those who have completed business courses include Gail Daley, Francine Lamanche, Barbara Taylor, Mary McEachren; and Barbara Brown is at Sir George Williams College. Fiona Bogert is also at Sir George Williams taking a buyer's course. Marion Fox Fontaine is the third winner of a fellowship established by the Canadian Federation of University Women in memory of its first President, Mrs. R. F. MacWilliams of Winnipeg.

Leaving McGill to enter nursing is Beverley Hastings. Judy Lennon is already training in nursing at the Royal Victoria Hospital and Gail Calder has graduated from that hospital. In first year at McGill are Sue Cushing; Martha Crombie; Prudence Reilley; Anne Ballantyne. Martha Richardson is combining a partial course with music at the Conservatorium. Also continuing at McGill are Anne Peacock; Camilla Porteous; Joyce Blond; Anne Powell; Judy Dobell; Elizabeth Vale and Judy Thomas, who are on scholarships; Grace Richardson; Diana Harrison; Helga von Eicken, who is distinguishing herself in acting at McGill; Joan Kimber; Jane Aitken and Anne Lucas.

In the graduating class at McGill this year are Mary Stavert; Diana Gaherty; Brydone McCarthy; Sheila White; Beverley Mellon and Efa Heward, both of whom have been presidents of two separate fraternities this year. Faith Heward is at Radcliffe, and Mary van Alstyne and Susan Brown are at Wellesley. Sally Bradeen is at Pine Manor, and Anne Hayes is at Queen's. To all these who are at present probably suffering acute pains of examinations let us wish a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

AUDREY MACDERMOT

Engagements: Sylvia Ponder to Tom Kamp
Marigold Savage to Ian Hyde
Pearl Sperber to Marvin Gameraff
Sally Scott to Paul Winslow
Patricia Dawes to Andrew Dempster Heggison
Gail Cottingham to Paul Koch

Marriages: Joan Evans to Christopher Hampson
Martha Fisher to Hugh Hallward
Jill McConnell to Derek Price
Gerda Thomas to Hans Peter Kaegi
Belle McLean to Gerald Pewiston
Nancy Lee McMurtry to Colin Patch
Elizabeth Stairs to John Durnford
Joan Moffat to Robert Bell
Margaret Notman to Orla Wagner Larsen
Sally Sharwood to Michael Drummond
Willa Ogilvie to Douglas Creighton
Gertrude Rooney to Capt. Norris Forsythe
Linda Gordon to Alexander Barber
Linda Ballantyne to Andrew Allan
Mary Hugessen to John Stephen Keynes
Zoe Southam to Neal Coombs
Elizabeth Parkin to Omer S. Pound
Gayle Calder to Desmond Stoker
Kitty Evans to Lt. Harry Cocks
Angela Rose to Edward Gardiner
Barbara McLean to Lorne Walls
Lucy Hodgson to Athol Gordon
June Marler to Peter Lawson
Anne Bond to Russell Harris

Births: Baroness Alain de Gunzburg *nee* Minda Bronfman a son
Isobel McGill Cameron a son
Barbara Tidmarsh Weyman a son
Bryony Plant North a daughter
Madeleine Parson Roussil a son
Marylee Putnam Kelley a son
Jean Rutherford Stauble a daughter
Pamela Ponder Hyde a son
Eve Osler Hampson a daughter
Jane McCarthy Whistler a son
Pat Brophy Prendergast a daughter
Anne Hodgson Townley a daughter
Mary Brocklebank Bevin a daughter
Pat Carson Claxton a son
Claire Fisher Kerrigan a son
Ann Armstrong Hanna a daughter
Nonie Cronyn Wilson a daughter

